# THE ORDEAL OF THE SOUTH

March 8, 1956 25¢

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# THE REPORTER

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# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## Black Gold

Money is a vulgar subject, and most men—including Senators—if they had their choice would really rather not talk about it. Some of the Senators, we are told, were quite angry at their colleague Mr. Case of South Dakota for his tasteless mention of the subject, right out in public, in one of its unmentionable forms: "oil money."

Since it had to come up, many Senators tried to keep the discussion on as high a plane as possible—in the quiet and conservative tones of Senator George and his select committee, say, rather than in the altogether too inquisitive ones of Senator Hennings. Also, they wanted to limit the discussion very carefully to the one instance that, unfortunately, had already been talked about, so that it wouldn't roam all over the unpleasant subject in an unrestrained and distasteful manner.

But they failed. Too much had already been said; too much public curiosity had already been aroused; and a Presidential veto using the word "arrogant" made it necessary that the reluctant Senatorial leadership allow the matter to be talked about.

A bipartisan committee is going to do it. But those who would prefer to avoid the subject's more repellent aspects still have resources. The ability of men—including Senators—to avoid discussing the most damaging facts about themselves is remarkable.

For example, if they cannot narrow the discussion, so that the tenderest subjects are avoided, it can be broadened, so that they are touched only lightly among a great many other subjects. They can point to money in many coffers, so that any blame there is will be widely shared. The Senators on the Right can talk of labor-union money, and embarrassed liberal Democrats whose geographical location made it expedient for them to support the gas bill can point, as Senator Monroney did, to the big auto money in the Republicans' 1952 campaign fund, or, as Senator Fulbright did, to "improper" influences on Administration officials. There may be some of the embarrassing stuff in almost everybody's fund.

Through that bipartisan committee the Senate can confess, after the ancient practice of confessions, only to carefully selected and minor sins, not including the most damaging and pertinent. Then, like the man who gave up deep-sea diving for Lent, they can pretend to reform a little.

It is characteristic of most human enterprises—from Scout troops to Houses of Congress—that it is just those things which are wrongest that are not, and cannot be, really discussed. They cut too deep into established patterns, interests, and personalities. We may be very sure that the subject of campaign contributions will not be fully examined and the abuses relating to them done away with unless there is unrelenting public pressure. The whole question needs the most indiscreet kind of examination, so that we can really see what its shape is. The reason why there is so much resistance in both parties to such a full examination may be hinted at in this report about one of the parties from the *Wall Street Journal:* "Texas Republicans lag in campaign contributions since Ike vetoed the gas bill. GOP headquarters awaits money collected a month ago on a Texas 'Salute to Eisenhower' dinner . . . big blocks of tickets went to oil men who haven't paid yet."

That's what comes of talking about this nasty subject, and let's have more of it.

## Teach English Good

School administrators may be a little sensitive about Johnny, who allegedly can't read, write, spell, or use proper grammar. At their recent national meeting at Atlantic City some of them reiterated their by now familiar defense: The results of today's teaching of "the fundamental tools" are better than those of an idealized bygone day. "There never was a time in our history," said Charles G. Spiegler of the New York schools, "when school children read as well and as much as they do today."

Into one such statement there crept a new and unsettling note: "Adults are prone to expect more of their children in spelling than they could accomplish at similar ages, or even now as adults." It was that last phrase that struck us. Its full and

### THE NEW STATESMEN

Tell us, good doctors, since you seem to know
How far a Presidential heart can go,
Tell us how fast the Southern pulse can beat,
How high the Middle Eastern fever heat
Can rise before the hemorrhage of war
Reddens the earth. Good doctors, probe the core
Of these infections, tell us if you can
The likelihood of lengthening the span
Of peace: a year? two months? a day?
You cannot tell? And yet you could allay
A nation's fear by counting on a heart
To suffer crises without counterpart
For years to come? Well, learned doctors, then
Extend your bedside manner to all men
And guarantee survival in a time
When the great heart of hope is past its prime.

—SEC

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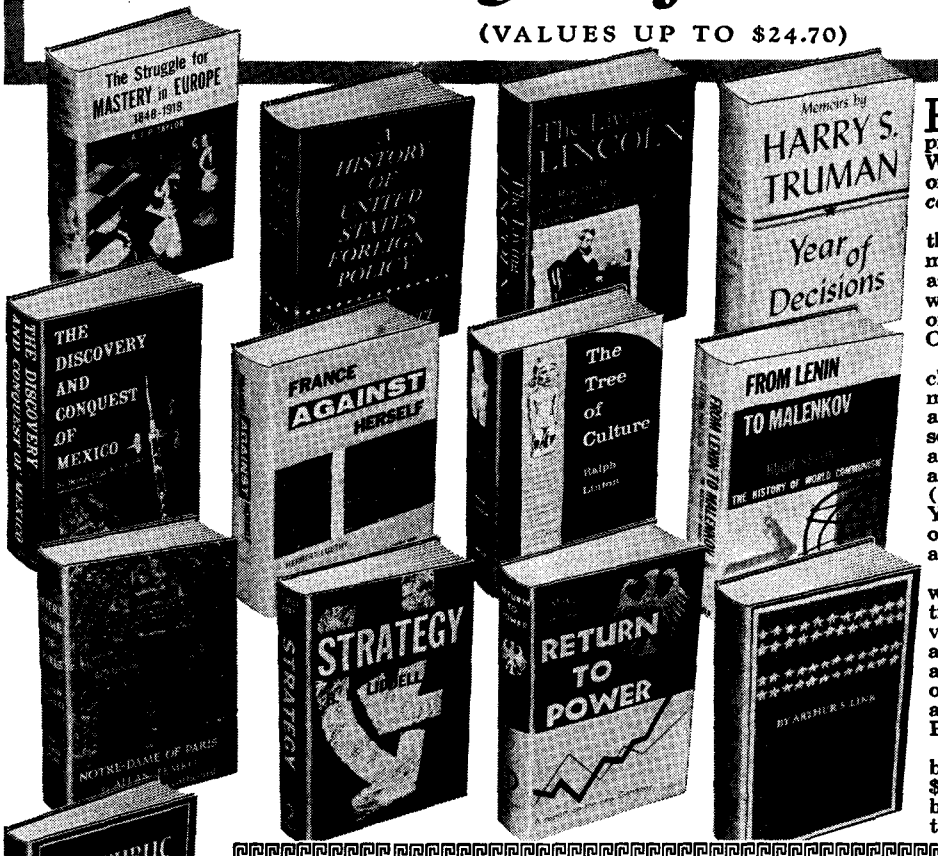
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unpleasant meaning was spelled out (not, we trust, misspelled) by Dr. Raymond H. Ostrander, the superintendent at Mineola, New York. "Many of us receive communications from parents who are concerned about the effectiveness of our teaching of the tool subjects. It is not uncommon for these letters to contain misspelled words."

Hidden in this shriveling report was a very large point: The method teachers use is less important than what is done and honored at home, and in the society at large. Dr. Ostrander's remark also made a smaller point: If you are going to write a letter to the school superintendent criticizing the teaching of basic subjects, be sure that the grammer is susceptable to no critisism, and, above all, none of the words are mispeled.

## The Great Letdown

History shows many gradations of diplomatic blunders, but it would be hard to find a better example of the triple misplay than the State Department's recent affair of the eighteen tanks for Saudi Arabia. Here all sides were left aroused and angry—including the Senate and House committees on foreign relations.

Step 1—loading of the shipment under a permit the State Department had once granted but forgotten to review in this time of high Middle Eastern tension—enraged the Israelis as a provocative act. Step 2—the overnight embargo—enraged the Saudi Arabians as a breach of contract. Step 3—next day's lifting of the embargo—gave Arab fire-eaters occasion to crow that they had made Washington back down, and enraged the Israelis again. They renewed their demands that the United States supply *them* with arms. Meanwhile, as the prestige of confused America sank still further, the Soviets were busy making tempting trade proposals to Turkey and Lebanon.

The tank incident took place in three days of hurried Administration activity—hurrying, that is, around in circles. Both the President and Secretary Dulles were absent and out of touch with things—and with each other. We are not co-ordinating as well as we might.

But the real question is just what policies we have to co-ordinate. It was sheer coincidence that the President and Secretary Dulles were away in their retreats at a time when in Moscow all the top Soviet leaders were present at their party conference confidently broadcasting to the world a radically changed Communist approach in the bid for world leadership. The contrast was significant, nonetheless. For we are still riding along on our old approach, even though the Kremlin has given notice for some time that it is changing tactics. The tank *gaffe* was simply an instance of the way our minds have stalled as our goal has become confused.

Trying to execute the policy of containment, Washington has concentrated more and more in recent years on military alliances designed to bring nations into our camp, on pacts that tend to look on the cosignatories as so much strategic real estate, and on supplying weapons here and there to people we trust will behave. Meanwhile the Soviets have taken to going up and down the world from South America to the Sea of Japan not as revolutionaries but as calculating salesmen offering technical aid, capital goods, and loans, and not demanding in return that the neutralists declare allegiance to them.

Last month, the United States promoted a joint military display in Thailand along with the SEATO allies of Southeast Asia—which turned out to be predominantly a display of U.S. forces on foreign soil. (Pakistani forces, through another mistake in our staff work, failed to show up.) At the same time the Soviets, having learned that more is needed to win friends and influence people than a display of power, were traveling from Burma to Afghanistan with their checkbooks open. They had learned the secret of our Marshall Plan while we somehow had forgotten it and reverted to power shows like those the Soviets used to stage.

Now Senator George, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, voices his fear that somehow we have lost the initiative, and Mr. Dulles, already well battered for his maladroit Goa and "brink-of-war" observations, is on the hot seat trying to explain just how all this has come about. Perhaps it will be discovered that the loss has come about not through lack of coordination on top or too much time taken off on globe-girdling and fishing expeditions by a Secretary of State who found it necessary, as he admitted to the press on his return from the Bahamas, to "bone up" on the facts, but rather through a mental rigidity and a reluctance to capture and hold new ideas. We teach in our schools that a fundamental weakness of dictatorships is that they become ingrown, inflexible, unresponsive to popular urges from below, and thus in the end divorced from reality.

But such inflexibility and divorce, a footnote should add, is not the monopoly of dictatorships. It is not pleasant to see the Soviets running circles around us while we go around in circles of our own.

## Hard Facts

A lot of people who ought to know, including Dr. White of Boston, have been telling us how soft and sick we have become, we Americans. They have plenty to back them up: the high percentage of draft rejections, the flabbiness of our middle-aged, and the alarming incidence of death from heart disease in young men.

It's not work that does it, they say; it's the life we lead. No exercise, no air, no rigors. We would add: soft drinks, soft bread, soft cushions, soft jobs, soft soap, and soft thinking. Top this with a frosting of hard women and you have it, gentlemen!

## WESTERNS ARE MORE FUN

*"The President has told his friends that . . . he simply cannot comprehend how anyone would have objections to Mr. Nixon."—New York* Herald Tribune.

The eyes the daily press so seldom reaches
Have spared the mind the squalor of Dick's speeches.

—SEC



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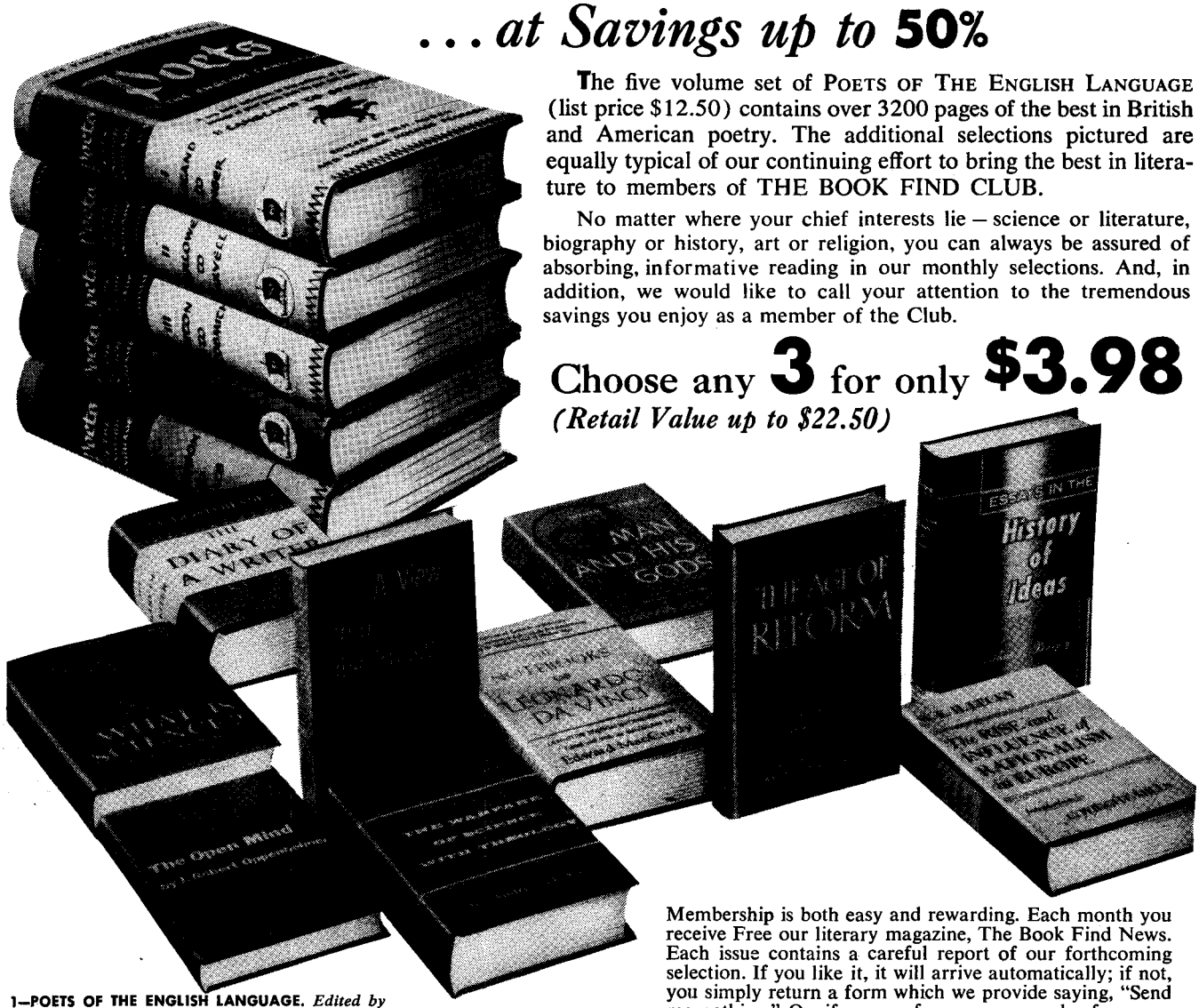


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# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE FARM PROBLEM

**To the Editor:** I have read with great care Dale Kramer's article ("200 Acres in Iowa: 'We Need Help Right Now,'" *The Reporter*, February 9). It is indeed very accurate.

With a son and brother we operate a large good farm in Keokuk County and have done so for thirty-five years. We use the most modern equipment and the most modern methods known to the business. We are losing money by the thousands of dollars. It appears that we cannot find any way to avoid it.

I do know, however, that unless the American farmer is to be taken into the American economy as a respectable partner, I am going to fire my son (and he is a well-educated, ambitious, fine and fast worker who has the farm know-how) while he is still only twenty-eight years old and give him an opportunity to go elsewhere.

NOEL W. MONTZ
Webster, Iowa

**To the Editor:** Obviously, small farms are disappearing for the same reasons that the horse and buggy, the gas light on the streets, and a thousand and one other things vanished—because something better has come along to take their place. Labor is expensive; therefore machinery must be used, and machinery to be gainfully occupied must be worked. Sixty to a hundred and twenty acres is not sufficient to keep the necessary equipment gainfully busy. To amortize the capital costs, you have got to have more acreage to make it pay. We in the Northwest have known this for many years, and our farms, or ranches as they are called locally, consist of anywhere from five hundred to four thousand acres.

Until recent years this land has always been summer-fallowed, which means that half of it lies idle so that it can be revitalized by nature. But since high support prices and growing wheat for the government have come into vogue, the farmers have eliminated summer fallowing and are planting their entire acreage continuously and buying huge quantities of fertilizer to bring on bigger and continuous crops. The result of this practice has been that we have created surpluses until they are impossible to cope with.

I further predict the Soil Bank will not work because the farmer will take out his poorest land and make it idle and get a bounty for not using it and use such payments for the purchase of additional fertilizer, with the end result that the wheat crop under the scheme will be as big or bigger than heretofore.

WILLIAM EINZIG
Vancouver, Washington

**To the Editor:** The conservative weekly *U.S. News & World Report* in its current issue reports: "Net farm income rose 17 per cent in Truman's final three years. Net income of farmers fell 26 per cent under Eisenhower." Farmers, have you had enough?

ERNEST MANDEVILLE
Allenhurst, New Jersey



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**To the Editor:** I believe you made a very correct statement when you said that Mr. Kramer describes "what a typical Midwestern farmer has been going through during these last few years." There are thousands like Herb Ring all over the Midwest.

Farmers are not complainers by nature. In 1947, the best all-around year for agriculture, seventy per cent of the farm families in the United States earned less than $3,000. Yet we were not unhappy and we were not complaining, because none of us expects to become wealthy at farming. All we want is our fair share of the national income.

But in late 1955, just like Herb Ring, we could see the handwriting on the wall. From this feeling of desperation came the National Farmers Organization. This is a movement for survival, not high profits. We believe our cause to be just and we will accept no compromise. If the total economy is to prosper for any length of time, agriculture alone cannot be thrown out into the cold night of the law of supply and demand, and must have an organization which will present the true and actual picture to the powers that be.

For too long now, our urban cousins have been led to believe, through slanted news, that the farmer is a tyrant who rides in a Cadillac and smokes big black cigars. Even in the best of times, on the basis of investment and hours worked, we are the poorest-paid group in America.

KEERAN F. MCKENNY
Director, National Farmers Organization
Kansas City, Missouri

## SENATOR HILL ON DIXON-YATES

**To the Editor:** E. W. Kenworthy and *The Reporter* are to be congratulated on the appearance of "Dixon-Yates: The Riddle of a Self-Inflicted Wound," in your issue of January 26. In spite of my admiration for this achievement, I hope Mr. Kenworthy will not object if I venture to point out what seems to me an error in the assumptions of his introductory paragraphs. He recognizes, and I agree, that the disgraceful record involves basic questions of political morality, but he is, I believe, unnecessarily puzzled by the "mess" because he assumes that the objective the contract sought to attain was legitimate," and he therefore concludes that it could have been achieved by direct and honorable methods. He writes: "Basically, the objective of the Dixon-Yates contract was the implementation of the Eisenhower power policy. That policy is certainly debatable. But the President campaigned on it, and he was certainly justified—and so were his officers—in putting it into practice."

I should like to challenge that thesis, to suggest that the objective of the Dixon-Yates contract was the destruction of TVA, to point out that the President did not campaign on that issue, and add that even if he had, neither he nor his officers would have been justified in making good on a campaign promise through resort to tactics of circumvention and subversion of existing statutes. The abandonment of decent standards of government administration was inevitable when the Administration determined to destroy TVA without the formality of repealing the Acts of Congress that form its charter. This is


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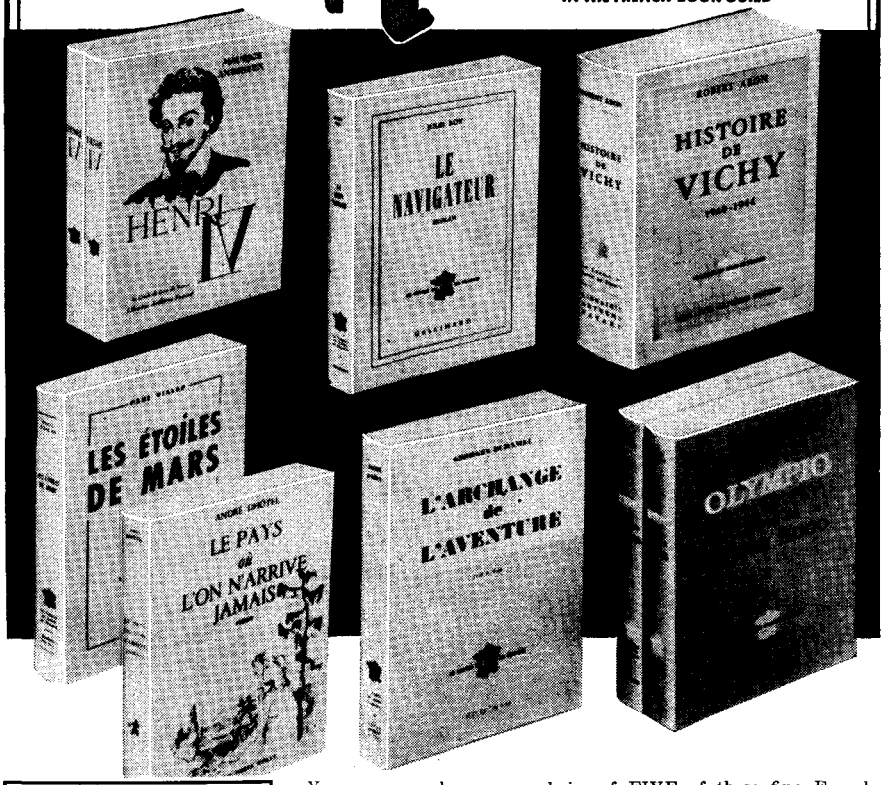


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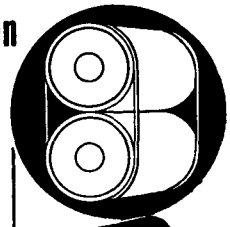

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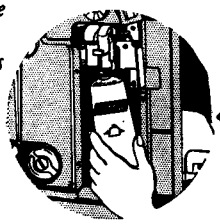

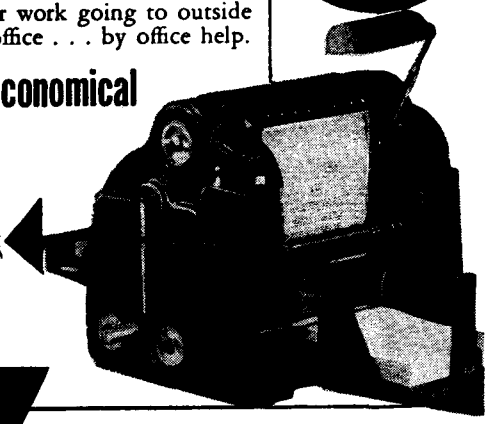

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not a case of legitimate ends betrayed by illicit means. In this case the ends and means were all of the same shoddy piece, and both were in violation of a specific campaign promise.

First as to those campaign declarations. The President's statements about TVA were somewhat more specific than the pledge that there would be "no disposition on my part to impair the effective working out of TVA," to which Mr. Kenworthy parenthetically refers. That quoted statement appeared in the text of speeches General Eisenhower made on October 15, 1952, in Memphis and later the same day in Knoxville, as part of a somewhat misty paragraph expressing support for and appreciation of TVA. As Election Day approached, the editors of two Scripps-Howard evening newspapers in Tennessee wired the General, urging him to issue a stronger statement.

To this appeal the following reply was dispatched by General Eisenhower on November 1, only three days before his election:

"Thank you for your telegram. Let me reiterate what I tried to make clear in my addresses at Memphis and Knoxville, that TVA has served well both agricultural and industrial interests of this region.

"Rumors are being maliciously spread in TVA areas that I propose not only to decrease the efficiency of the operation but to abandon it, which is grossly untrue and utterly false.

"If I am elected President, TVA will be operated and maintained at maximum efficiency.

"I have a keen appreciation of what it has done and what it will be able to continue to do in the future. Under the new administration TVA will continue to serve and promote the prosperity of this great section of the United States."

If, then, as Mr. Kenworthy suggests, the legitimacy of the Dixon-Yates negotiation is to be judged by its relevance to campaign speeches, it must be considered in relation to that specific promise of General Eisenhower—"TVA will be operated and maintained at maximum efficiency."

I have had special reason to watch the record of TVA achievements year by year, for I was one of the authors of the Act creating TVA and I am deeply aware of the intent behind the legislation. I have seen what happens when power is used as a tool to develop a region, to raise the standard of living of the people, to add to regional productivity, and to build our national strength. These are the objectives which General Eisenhower promised in 1952 to maintain "at maximum efficiency."

When the present Administration determined to repudiate this campaign promise, to ignore the Acts of Congress, to reject the wishes of the people, in short to destroy TVA, the "mess" described by Mr. Kenworthy became inevitable.

To suggest that "The simple course, dictated by the President's policy, would have been to have TVA arrange to contract with private industry for the power" is to assume that members of the Board of TVA would have betrayed their public trust. TVA's experienced and incorruptible Board and staff knew that to keep costs down power plants



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must be located, designed, built, and operated with that objective foremost.

Congress provided that the management of TVA should be in the hands of men who believe in its purposes. The Board of TVA would not and could not have surrendered its responsibilities under the law to Mr. Dixon and Mr. Yates, representatives of the very companies which the people of the area had rejected as their power suppliers years ago.

The plan to destroy TVA by the nullification of its objectives had to be developed by the enemies of TVA. It had to be sponsored by men who do not believe that low-cost energy for the use of all the people is an important objective. It had to be promoted by men willing to repudiate the will of the people expressed in local elections, in state legislation, and in the Congress of the United States. It had to be undertaker in secrecy, by a conspiracy directed from a central point. The sordid record outlined by Mr. Kenworthy so effectively was the price the coterie involved was prepared to pay for the profit of Dixon-Yates.

LISTER HILL
U.S. Senate

## BROADWAY BENEFITS

**To the Editor:** Poyntz Tyler's account of theater benefits, "Miss Fanshawe and the $30 Ticket" (*The Reporter*, February 9), is entertaining, but is so misleading about the mechanics of benefits and the role of the theater-benefit agent that it requires comment.

Of the hundreds of benefits booked for Broadway plays each season, the overwhelming majority succeed without the formula described by Mr. Tyler as essential and typical: titled patrons, captive celebrities in the audience, made-to-order mailing lists of affluent ticket buyers. Miss Fanshawe renders a fine and sincere service. Her benefits do not require bolstering by free tickets to "snob-appeal" patrons. Most benefits are conducted by hard-working women's committees who rely on their own ingenuity, perseverance, and personal connections to sell tickets at ten, twelve, or fifteen dollars apiece.

Buyers, by no means limited to the upper brackets, are mostly people who like the theater and want to aid the charity benefited. Thirty-dollar tickets are almost as rare as viscounts on the sponsor list.

As a theater-benefit agent with twenty-five years' experience, booking benefits for several hundred organizations every season, I am startled at the suggestion that I, or others in my profession, influence producers in their selections of playwrights in their creative efforts. Producers welcome the new audiences brought by theater parties and the insurance benefits provide, but they select the plays.

*No Time for Sergeants, Pipe Dream, The Great Sebastians, Desk Set, Janus, The Matchmaker, A View from the Bridge,* and *Chalk Garden* have been among the most popular benefit choices this year. Critics and audiences alike have demonstrated that Mr. Tyler's fear of "a powerful incentive to mediocrity" is groundless.

IVY LARRIC
New York

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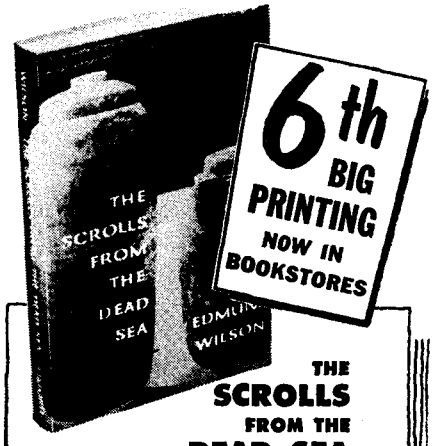


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# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THIS ISSUE the first four articles, together with an editorial by **Max Ascoli,** deal with aspects of the racial situation in the United States today. These articles are the result of emotion checked but not silenced. The editorial—as indeed *The Reporter's* consistent performance since its first issue—explains why this is so. When interracial justice is at stake only the irresponsible give free rein to their emotions, no matter how noble anger may be made to sound. But restraint does not mean indifference or aloofness. The Reverend **Thomas R. Thrasher,** who reports at first hand on the bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama, is rector of the Episcopalian Church of the Ascension in that city. **Louisa Dalcher,** who was on the staff of the New Orleans *Item* before she came to *The Reporter*, has revisited New Orleans—to report on the courage, clear thinking, and persistence at work there in the cause of integration. **Eric Sevareid's** respect for facts is well known. **Ben Burns,** former executive editor of *Ebony,* points out that many of those who pride themselves as militant defenders of Negro rights practice a subtle and insidious intolerance of their own.

IT WAS PLEASANT indeed in the old days when travelers to Japan sent back leisurely articles on Japanese dancing, the gardens, or the tea ceremony. **Lily Abegg,** a Swiss journalist now resident in Japan, finds herself obliged to furnish us with less exquisite fare: She sends an on-the-spot report of Japan's postwar industrial reorganization and the human and labor problems it entails.

From Great Britain, **Alastair Buchan** has written a profile of Selwyn Lloyd, Britain's new Foreign Secretary. Mr. Lloyd's relative youth and his intellectual vigor place him in line for eventual leadership in the Conservative Party. Mr. Buchan is diplomatic correspondent for the London *Observer.*

When Lester B. Pearson, Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, recently traveled to Russia and the Far East, **I. Norman Smith,** a Canadian journalist, made the trip with him. Mr. Smith tells what he saw; he tells also how his reports were received by his compatriots—with suspicion and reluctance. Mr. Smith was unwilling to allow his anti-Communism to keep him from seeing the evidence of Soviet economic and military progress. He is now back at his desk as associate editor of the Ottawa *Journal.*

As part of our coverage of the major personalities who are playing a role in the Presidential elections, **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, writes about Senator Knowland. Here is an ambitious politician who has never permitted expediency to interfere with his stubborn integrity. Openly eager to be a Presidential candidate, the Senator, according to Mr. Cater, has moved into a position that is so isolated as to make his chances of realizing his ambition almost nil.

The government's long war on Harry Bridges may be finally coming to a halt. That the California longshoremen's leader has worked hand in glove with Communists for years, as **Paul Jacobs** shows, is an established fact. But in order to deport him the government had to prove that Bridges was an enrolled, dues-paying party member. It failed to do so. If the deportation procedure had succeeded in spite of the lack of evidence required by law, a precedent would have been set that no immediate advantage could have justified.

THE SHORT STORY in this issue is by **Victor Chapin,** whose book *The Hill* is an account of his experiences as a conscientious objector serving in a hospital for the mentally ill. His recent novel *The Lotus Seat* deals with race relations in Asia.

Our cover, a view of the British Houses of Parliament, is by **Carol Hamann.**



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**VOLUME 14, NO. 5** **MARCH 8, 1956**



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I can't believe that people around the country really care about the attention being given the current woes of the New Haven railroad. (It's the line's misfortune to have many news editors among its patrons.) But since the subject keeps coming up in the newsmagazines, I'd like to say a word in behalf of the railroad.

I have been using the New Haven daily for two years, and have been seriously late only once. Riding comfortably and smoothly, I have read many books, some of the most recent of which are:

"Over the River Charlie," by Lew X. Lansworth (Doubleday, $3.95), a comic opera set in Paris of the 1870's. I guarantee you've never read anything quite like this unusual first novel.

"The Writer Observed," by Harvey Breit (World, $3.75), a collection of interviews with writers by the book columnist of the *New York Times*.

"The Letters of John Keats," selected by Lionel Trilling (Doubleday, 95¢), one of thirteen Anchor Books published this year.

"The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects," by Edward J. Ruppelt (Doubleday, $4.50), the authoritative book which tells the casual reader (like me) what this flying saucer business is all about.

"Secrets of Taking Good Pictures," by A. A. Knopf (Hanover, $2.00), an excellent book for the novice photographer.

If my trains hadn't been on time, I'd have got much more reading done. Maybe I'd better complain to the management.

*L. L. Day*
EDITOR-AT-LARGE


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# The Courage of Prudence

WHAT a national tragedy this whole thing is, and how humble we feel when we think of those anxious fellow citizens of ours down there in the South, white and colored, who are still trying to keep communications open between the two races. But that humility, intense as it is, brings with it an intolerance just as intense of those synthetic John Browns who, comfortably located in the North, contemplate no Harpers Ferry and are so willing to shed their ink. We allude to the brave politicians and gallant editorialists who are howling for Federal intervention. As for the pale imitators of Calhoun and the revivers of the Klan, we can only say that they are beneath contempt.

WE ALMOST lose heart when we realize to what an extent everything in this desperate conflict between two sections of America seems to re-echo the past. Everything is so old. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." So at least it seems. The old wound that was the Civil War throbs again. Men of good will in the South, just because they are men of good will, once again are expendable. Old is the impatience that breaks into recklessness, and old, too, the patience that drifts into inertia. And it is nothing new that when men in the North show good will there will be many Northerners to call them cowards, and many Southerners to call them carpetbaggers. These reactions are certain, predictable—and despairingly old.

That is why we admire Adlai Stevenson for the position he has taken. He is a lifelong student of Lincoln, and when he spoke up against coercive Federal action "that will arm the extremists and disarm the men of good will in the South" he knew exactly how his appeal to reason would be greeted. He also knew what it would cost him.

As Stevenson pointed out, we must "guard against a reversal of the trend that has made the last three decades the period of greatest advancement for our Negro citizens on all fronts." America is no South Africa—not only because of the steady progress Negro citizens are making in our society, but because of the incalculable significance of the fact that we have a Fourteenth Amendment and a Supreme Court above politics that can make it come true.

Of course the Federal courts and the Supreme Court can deal only with the cases that are brought before them. It is not their function to determine the strategy that improvement of the racial situation demands. The initiative rests with the appellant. In the highly complex movement toward progress the most strategic appeal has not yet been made with the necessary vigor. Negroes have been knocking on the doors of the courts seeking their right to knowledge and their right to travel on equal terms in train and bus—and the courts are acceding to these demands.

But the Negroes must never slacken in their hard fight to exercise the most practical and effective right of all: the right to vote. It is the hardest of their fights but the most crucial. There is no doubt whatever that Southern politicians, even those who are normally the most liberal minded on national and international problems, are not unlike politicians everywhere: They are obedient, necessarily, to the expressed will of their constituencies. They will change their attitude toward the Negro problem only when they are compelled to take into account the Southern Negro vote.

One of the most painful things that we are seeing now in the South is how the behavior of people in positions of responsibility, Negroes as well as whites, is shaped by their reaction to these new times in which the old "Yassuh, boss" relationship is breaking down. It is pitiable to see how men who consider themselves men of good will are letting themselves be forced step by step into assuming obdurate, stubborn positions which they never wanted to take and which are plainly untenable.

IT IS PERHAPS for us in the North, who are equally concerned but less directly involved, to hold firmly to the course of moderation. Precisely because we want justice for the Negro we must say unpopular things. We must not fear to take unpopular positions. For instance, it must be said that while it may be possible—and certainly every pressure should be exerted—to have Negro students admitted to Southern universities, it would be the height of folly to press now for their integration into the secondary schools of the Deep South. It must be said also that it is the duty of state authorities to maintain order. It is neither through a sense of courage nor of duty that some politicians have proposed punitive Federal action ranging from the withholding of educational funds all the way to armed intervention. There is no bravery—indeed there is no sense—in playing with other people's lives.

Above all, the Southern race issue must be kept out of politics. It may be impolitic to say so. Vice-President Nixon and Governor Harriman would not even think of saying so: In fact both of them have refused to render this service to our country. When Adlai Stevenson said it he proved his stature as a truly national leader.



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# Alabama's Bus Boycott

**The Rev. THOMAS R. THRASHER**

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

THE FACTS of our local situation are essentially simple. Yet various members of our community, both white and Negro, believe things that make it enormously complex.

Last December 1 in the early evening, one of the busses of the Montgomery City Lines passed through Court Square, in the heart of town, and headed for the stop in front of the Empire Theatre. On board the thirty-six-passenger bus twenty-four Negroes were seated, in the traditional manner from the rear forward, and there were twelve whites seated in the front. Some people of each race were standing in the aisle. The bus driver has since testified that there were no empty seats. Yet today, many weeks later, there are many who believe that the bus was substantially empty, while others believe that four Negroes were asked to get up in order to allow one white person to sit down.

At the Empire Theatre stop a number of white passengers were waiting to board the bus. The driver of the bus, as was the practice when in his judgment it was necessary to "equalize facilities," requested four Negroes, including Mrs. Rosa Parks, to give up their seats. No charge of discourtesy has been made against this bus driver. Three of the Negroes rose and moved toward the rear. Mrs. Parks, a seamstress at a local department store and a highly respected member of the Negro community, refused. She said later that she acted on a sudden impulse, probably arising from the fact that she was tired. There are substantial numbers of people here in Montgomery who believe that she was a willing participant in a trumped-up plot.

The driver, seeing that Mrs. Parks was adamant, called a policeman, who led her off the bus and escorted her to the police station. There she was booked on a charge of violating the city's segregation law and the trial was set for the following Monday, December 5. She was released on bond.

AT THIS POINT the facts become somewhat less precise. On Saturday, December 3, a number of mimeographed and typed circulars were distributed in the Negro sections of the community calling on citizens to stage a one-day protest by not riding the city busses the day of the trial. I have never been able to determine just who initiated this planned boycott, and there are innumerable conflicting rumors about it. But on Sunday, the day before the trial, there was a news story in the local paper that carried the information far more widely than the original circulars had. A number of Negro ministers, it is known, referred to it in their sermons that day.

On Monday three-quarters or more of the usual Negro riders stayed off the busses. The extent of the protest was noticeable, for the fifty thousand Negroes who live in Montgomery constitute about forty per cent of the population and made up nearly seventy-five per cent of the bus passengers. This was an act of passive resistance on a monumental scale, which could not be passed off as simply a product of outside interference, agitation, or intimidation. There was no widespread absenteeism from work that day; the protesters went to their jobs by Negro taxis, wagons, or by foot over long distances.

That same day, Mrs. Parks ap-



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peared at the city court with her lawyer. The city prosecutor asked that the charge against her be based not on the city segregation ordinance but on a state law giving bus drivers authority to assign or reassign passengers in accordance with segregation practice. Mrs. Parks was found guilty and fined ten dollars and costs, a total of fourteen dollars. (The law permits a maximum fine of five hundred dollars.) She appealed her case.

**Meeting at the Building**

That night, according to a newspaper account, approximately five thousand Negroes overflowed the protest meeting at the Holt Street Baptist Church. Forty-seven Negro ministers are said to have been present. There was a good deal of hymn singing and speechmaking, none of it inflammatory, according to the newspaper report, but all of it defiant. From the story it appears that there was a general welling up of grievances in which the specific case of Rosa Parks was all but forgotten. But those members of our community who believe that the whole thing was staged by outside influences generally do not believe that the local press has given an accurate reporting of the facts.

The meeting accomplished three things. First, a resolution was adopted to continue the bus boycott indefinitely and calling on "every citizen of Montgomery regardless of race, color, or creed to refrain from riding busses owned and operated in the city of Montgomery, by Montgomery City Lines, Incorporated, until some arrangement has been worked out between said citizens and the Montgomery City Lines." Second, those present were urged to make their cars available in assisting others to get to work. An organization was formed on the spot—the Montgomery Improvement Association—and a board of directors was named. Its chairman was Dr. Martin Luther King, the twenty-seven-year-old Negro minister of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church. Dr. King, though Southern born, holds a Ph.D. degree from Boston University. The board of directors included several other Negro ministers.

Finally, the meeting addressed three proposals to the Montgomery City Lines as the basis for ending the boycott:

¶ More courteous treatment of Negro passengers.

¶ Seating on a first come, first served basis, with Negroes continuing to sit from the rear of the bus and whites from front to rear.

¶ Negro bus drivers to be employed on predominantly Negro runs.

BY THE NEXT DAY the boycott was close to ninety-five per cent effective, a figure that has been maintained with remarkable consistency ever since. A car pool began to take shape. On telephone poles and in other public places, unsigned and unidentified schedules were posted. For a time the police didn't know what they were. Actually, they listed the forty pickup points at which some two hundred and fifty cars were operating from 6 to 8:30 A.M. and from 3 to 6 P.M. To avoid violating city regulations governing taxis, this rather sizable carlift charged no fares but collected funds for gas at the churches and at rallies, which have been held with regularity. Other funds undoubtedly came in from outside the South, a fact that some members of our community choose to dwell upon. Some also believe that the Negroes secretly pay ten-cent fares to the drivers and won't admit it when the police question them.

By Wednesday, December 7, neither side had made any contact with the other. The Alabama Council on Human Relations, a biracial organization of which I am a member and which was holding its semi-annual meeting that day, decided to offer its "good offices" to bring about a meeting between the Negro leaders and bus-company and city officials. The mayor accepted our suggestion and a meeting was set for the next day at the City Hall. There the Negro group presented its three demands. The attorney for the bus company replied that the company would always investigate formal complaints of discourtesy but asserted that the discourtesy was often provoked. He rejected the other proposals as contrary to city law and inappropriate. The mayor called on the bus-company officials and the Negro leaders to work their problems out. Everyone else withdrew and these two groups continued the discussion for a time—but without success.

Though their meeting adjourned without even an agreement to meet again, I feel that at least two good effects stemmed from it. It was the first proof, small but significant, that the parties to the dispute could sit down together. Further, it helped to ease the pent-up frustrations which in the first days of the boycott had provoked several cases of stoning and even firing upon the busses. After this first meeting there was only one further incident of that nature.

AGAIN at our request, the mayor arranged a meeting for Saturday, December 10, so that the Negro leaders could meet the representative of the National City Lines of Chicago, owner of the local bus company. This representative had come to Montgomery to look into the trouble, we learned, but had not approached the boycott leaders. To this meeting the mayor invited a larger number, including a prominent leader of the local white Citizens' Council. After again listening to a recital of the grievances and to a statement disclaiming authority under city and state laws by the National City Lines representative, the mayor appointed a committee to try to reach a solution.

The committee failed in its purpose. The Negro group felt that some of the members, including the white Citizens' Council leader, were not appointed in good faith; the white group felt that the Negroes were not ready to negotiate in good faith. Not being a member of the committee, I can only report what I have read in the press regarding its deliberations. The voting was reported to have been eight white against eight Negro on matters where they disagreed. Unanimous concurrence was achieved on the proposal that more courtesy on the busses was in order. On this note the committee broke up after only two meetings.

Montgomery returned to a state of affairs in which there was no communication between the two groups —only mounting tension and the grim, ever-present fact of the boycott.

The Christmas season passed and



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there were reports that some businesses were off by thirty per cent or more. But this was rumor, not confirmed fact, and there were other stories that some businesses were booming. The bus company had raised its fare by fifty per cent. Negro leaders hailed this as evidence of the boycott's success, while white leaders pointed out that local rates had been below those elsewhere. The bus company had long since suspended routes going into predominantly Negro neighborhoods. A number of bus drivers were furloughed. On January 6, the police commissioner dramatically entered a meeting of the white Citizens' Council and announced that he was paying his $3.50 membership fee. "I wouldn't trade my Southern birthright for one hundred Negro votes," he declared.

### A 'Get Tough' Policy

There were false hopes on January 21, when the city commission announced that after a conference with unidentified "prominent Negro ministers" a plan had been reached for ending the boycott. Next day the hopes were dissipated. The leaders of the boycott announced that they had not been present at the City Hall meeting and didn't know who had. Subsequently, there were recriminations between the three Negro ministers who had been present and the city commissioners. The ministers said that they had gone there on other business and had not entered any agreement. The commissioners, in turn, accused them of double-dealing. It was at any rate clear that the three ministers had not been prominent in the boycott movement. And the boycott continued.

On January 24 the mayor issued a statement: "We have pussyfooted around on this boycott long enough and it is time to be frank and honest. . . . The Negro leaders have proved they are not interested in ending the boycott but rather in prolonging it so that they may stir up racial strife. The Negro leaders have proved that they will say one thing to a white man and another thing to a Negro about the boycott. . . . [They] have forced the boycott into a campaign between whether the social fabric of our community will continue to exist or will be destroyed by a group of Negro radicals who have split asunder the fine relationships which have existed between the Negro and white people for generations. . . . What they are after is the destruction of our social fabric. . . . The white people are firm in their convictions that they do not care whether the Negroes ever ride a city bus again if it means that the social fabric of our community is destroyed so that Negroes will start riding the busses again." He called on white citizens to refrain from carrying their domestic servants to and from work in their cars and thus contributing to the boycott.

That same day it was announced that the mayor and the remaining city commissioner had joined the white Citizens' Council. On the following day there were reports that a "get tough" policy was being initiated. Scores of Negroes driving volunteer cars were given tickets for minor traffic violations. On Thursday, January 26, Dr. M. L. King, the boycott leader, was arrested for going thirty-five miles an hour in a twenty-five-mile zone. His case is on appeal. The following day King's house was bombed, causing minor damage. Neighbors said the explosive had been thrown from a passing car. Some members of the white community believe firmly that the incident was staged by the Negroes themselves. Both the mayor and the police commissioner went promptly

to the scene, and stated firmly that the culprit would be caught and prosecuted. Dr. King exhorted the Negroes who had gathered not to resort to violence.

"We believe in law and order," he said. "Don't get panicky. Don't get your weapons. He who lives by the sword will perish by the sword. Remember that is what God said. I want it to be known the length and breadth of this land that if I am stopped this movement will not stop."

Two days later, a dynamite cap exploded in the front yard of a Negro who had not been prominent in the boycott but who was active in the local N.A.A.C.P. For a time the whole community realized the grim possibilities of the situation, and reason held back emotion. The arrests and issuing of tickets by the police slacked off as suddenly as they had started. The white Citizens' Council added five hundred dollars to the reward offered by the city commissioners for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the bomb throwers.

On February 1, the whole dispute moved into the courts. That day five Montgomery Negroes filed suit in the U.S. District Court asking that state and local segregation laws pertaining to transportation be declared unconstitutional. This, of course, is a far broader challenge than had been posed by the boycott itself.

Subsequently, the grand jury indicted the Negro lawyer who had brought the cases to court because one of the five plaintiffs, a young Negro woman, testified that she had not known what he was asking her to do. If convicted, the lawyer can be disbarred for false representation.

This same grand jury on February 21 indicted about one hundred Negroes for participating in the boycott. The indictment cited a state anti-conspiracy act passed in 1921 to deal with coal-mining strikes in Birmingham. While the anti-conspiratorial features of the act have never been tested in the courts, its anti-picketing provisions have been declared unconstitutional. Among those indicted was Mrs. Parks, who had refused to pay the fourteen-dollar fine and was sentenced to serve a jail sentence instead for the incident that led to the boycott.

As these legal battles went forward, it was announced that secret efforts at a compromise in the dispute by a businessmen's organization, the Men of Montgomery, had been unavailing. There are some who believe that they might have



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succeeded if these court indictments had not been threatening.

### A Sudden Deafness

As the painful weeks have passed, the facts of the situation have become more rather than less obscure. There is, for example, the recurrent rumor of goon squads operating among the Negroes to force them to obey the boycott. Thus far only one arrest has been made on this count—a Negro youth picked up for preventing a Negro woman from boarding a bus. She testified in court that he was helping her cross the street and the charge was dropped. If there has been widespread intimidation among Negroes, the police have been unable to get evidence of it.

There have been rumors in the Negro community that white employers were going to discharge them on a certain day, and rumors in the white community that all the Negroes were going to quit on a certain day.

Businesses have been damaged severely by rumors circulated among white people that they had contributed to the N.A.A.C.P. or rumors among Negroes that they had contributed to the white Citizens' Council. In a few cases businesses have been caught in a crossfire of rumor. Some say that competitors have been starting these rumors.

If there is anything universal in our community it is fear. The businessman's fear lest his business be destroyed by some false move or baseless rumor. The Negro's fear for his safety and his job. The clergy's fear that their congregations may be divided by the tense feelings generated by our situation. The politician's fear that he may do something disapproved by the majority of voters. And finally the whole community's fear that we may be torn asunder by a single rash act precipitating interracial violence.

Time after time during these past weeks I have felt as if I were living in a nightmare, one of those where you speak and nobody hears, where you wave your arms and nobody pays any attention. This nightmare extends to the whole community. White and black stand on opposite sides of an invisible line, and there seems no possible way of communicating across the barrier, a barrier which is there and isn't there, which in a sense both of us have made and of which we both are victims. The Negroes are people who have helped us, taught us, nurtured us, made us laugh, made us weep, and have given us depth of understanding. But the patterns of our past communication are breaking, and new patterns are not yet formed. We know them, and yet in our knowing we are aware

that we know them not. The nightmare persists even when we hear words and see gestures. They speak. We do not understand.

As I look at this tragic situation involving me and my fellow Southerners of both races, I can only ask God's mercy and pity on us all. No one of us is wise enough to predict what our relationships will be or how they will be worked out. There is only one thing of which I am fully certain. It is that there must be a mutual facing of our common problem. We must get at the facts of our situation and not simply believe any rumor that happens to fit our prejudices. Having gotten the facts, we must then sit down together and negotiate practical solutions.

THE MISSING element in our community's attempts to cope with the situation has been the lack of recognized agencies for interracial communication, co-operation, and understanding. In the past a dreary fate awaited any person or group who made even tentative steps in this direction. One of the encouraging recent developments has been the growth of our Alabama Council on Human Relations, an affiliate of the Southern Regional Council, which provides a meeting point for men and women of good will from both races.

I am not Pollyanna enough to think that the Alabama Council can meet and effectively deal with such crises as the recent ones in our state. We are too few and too weak. However, we are fully convinced that the fundamental method we propose —that white and Negro must sit down together—is the only way to avoid recurring crises of even greater severity. This may sound like a simple point but sometimes in complex situations the simple points are overlooked.

As a Southerner born and bred, I am deeply moved by the plight of all Southerners of both races. All of us know that no easy, pat solutions will solve our problems. Our experience in Montgomery, a city known in the past for its good race relations, shows us that change, any change, will be painful for some of us, and that sudden change may operate in reverse and bring about what is not wanted. The Negro is surely regretful to see his bus boycott contribute to the growth of the white Citizens' Council.

The white Southerner cannot be indifferent to the feelings and aspirations of the Negro, for though he is politically impotent here, we are beginning to see that he is exceedingly important humanly and economically to the maintenance of "our social fabric."

OUR SITUATION in Montgomery gives strong evidence of the need for patience in negotiation. Sometimes in labor-management disputes the only thing the two groups have in common is a belief that negotiation should continue. We have not even had this much in Montgomery. There is much to be learned of the art of negotiation, but mainly we need a will to find a solution.

The most disturbing factor in the whole situation is the growth of the white Citizens' Council, an organization pledged to nonviolence but dedicated to thwarting the Supreme Court decision on integration. Its main argument seems to be that if vigilance is relaxed in any measure there will be wholesale intermarriage across racial lines. The situation is complex enough without muddying the waters with such arguments as these. The question before us is not intermarriage but simple human rights for a vast section of the human family.



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# *A Time of Worry In 'The City Care Forgot'*

**LOUISA DALCHER**

NEW ORLEANS

WAKING UP with a giant headache after Mardi Gras, "The City Care Forgot" started cleaning up the debris left by the Lord of Misrule and his merry disporters, went solemnly to Lenten services, and read the early afternoon headlines: COURT ORDERS DESEGREGATION OF NEW ORLEANS SCHOOLS. Six inches of rain fell that day.

A three-man Federal court had declared all Louisiana school-segregation laws invalid and ordered the Orleans Parish School Board to change its racial policy "with all deliberate speed." The decision was anticipated. The response to it was also anticipated.

In his opinion, Federal Judge J. Skelly Wright said: "The problems attendant on desegregation in the Deep South are considerably more serious than generally appreciated in some sections of our country.

"The problem of changing a people's mores, particularly those with an emotional overlay, is not to be taken lightly. It is a problem which will require the utmost patience, understanding, generosity and forbearance from all of us of whatever race.

"But the magnitude of the problem may not nullify the principle. And that principle is that we are, all of us, free-born Americans with a right to make our way unfettered by sanctions imposed by man because of the work of God."

The School Board reacted to Judge Wright's opinion by hardening the position it had assumed months ago, re-emphasizing its policy to "use every legal and honorable means of maintaining segregation . . ."

### The Embattled Comptroller

The day after the court order, I visited two rival headquarters of the integration controversy, barely a block apart. My first call was on Dr. Clarence Scheps, comptroller of Tulane University and a member of the beleaguered School Board. A staunch defender of the Board's policy, Dr. Scheps wore a look of uncomfortable defiance. His manner was brusque and his speech crisp. His bright red hair seemed hot with anger, but his keen blue eyes were very cool. Clearly he had no desire to dwell on the matter beyond a reiterated "We will not integrate. We will use every legal and honorable means to maintain segregation." Asked if the Board had undertaken any alternative plan in the likely event that the Supreme Court would uphold the Federal court decree, he replied: "Absolutely not. We will not integrate. We couldn't integrate even if we wanted to."

HE WAS not a man to welcome sympathy, though I proffered it. I knew that as a School Board member he had taken two oaths, one to uphold the Constitution of the United States and another to uphold the Constitution of the State of Louisiana. Dr. Scheps, now serving his sixth year on the Board, is upholding the Louisiana Constitution as amended in November, 1954. State law now provides that state funds must be withheld from any public school attempting to break the racial barriers, and the New Orleans schools get half of their funds from the state.

Cautious, as a comptroller is likely to be, Dr. Scheps defended the Board's policy on the ground of its "separate-but-equal" program. "We are determined to see the Negro schools equalized, and at the rate we are going, in a couple of years we will have to start equalizing the white schools. Last year we completed three modern new Negro schools, and we have twelve more either under construction or in the blueprint stage." He added that state law equalized teachers' salaries a number of years ago, but that the School Board has carried equalization of salaries to the janitorial and clerical levels. He is positive that Negro schools are, or will be, as good as or better than white schools. It will just take time and money.

Both Dr. Scheps and C. P. Besse, president of the School Board, will be up for re-election in November if they choose to run. Would he run? I asked. "I don't want to. This is a rugged place to be. I think I've had it, but then I might run again. It's too far away for me to know now."

### The Confident Priest

Feeling no envy for Dr. Scheps, I left him and crossed the campus to Loyola University of the South for a visit with Father Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., head of the Department of Sociology.

Like Dr. Scheps, Father Fichter is stubborn, forceful, and committed, but there the resemblance ends. The priest loves to talk integration, and he seems to relish the fight. He seemed as comfortably confident as Dr. Scheps had seemed uncomfortably defensive. He speaks freely and vigorously on every viewpoint that has reached the battleground of ideas, and on many that have not.

Before we became absorbed in his favorite topic, Father Fichter had glanced at the afternoon paper just to see what the "opposition" was up to. It had not been idle. Four state representatives had written to William M. Rainach, chairman of the legislature's joint committee on segregation, asking for new laws to halt Roman Catholic plans for integration. "Imagine that. Two of them I know to be Catholic, Cyril Broussard and Joseph Casey, and Francis X. Huerstel is probably Catholic. The other one I don't know," he added, "so maybe he isn't.

"Don't they know they can't do that? They tried to get the parochial schools written into Amendment 16 back in 1954, but they found they couldn't." (Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel intervened then, and the wording of the amendment was changed.)

IN ANOTHER column of the paper State Senator Rainach made news again, this time in the role of president of the Louisiana Association



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of Citizens' Councils, Inc.: "The battle is just joined," he announced. "The people of Louisiana will not integrate. We serve notice that we will organize from the grass roots to the skyscrapers. Moves will be met with countermoves, decrees with laws and political court decisions with political strategy. There will be no compromise. We will fight and fight until we have finally won."

Father Fichter frowned a moment, then brightened. "Fifteen years from now we'll all look back on this furor and laugh at ourselves for having been so upset. By then it will be all smoothed out."

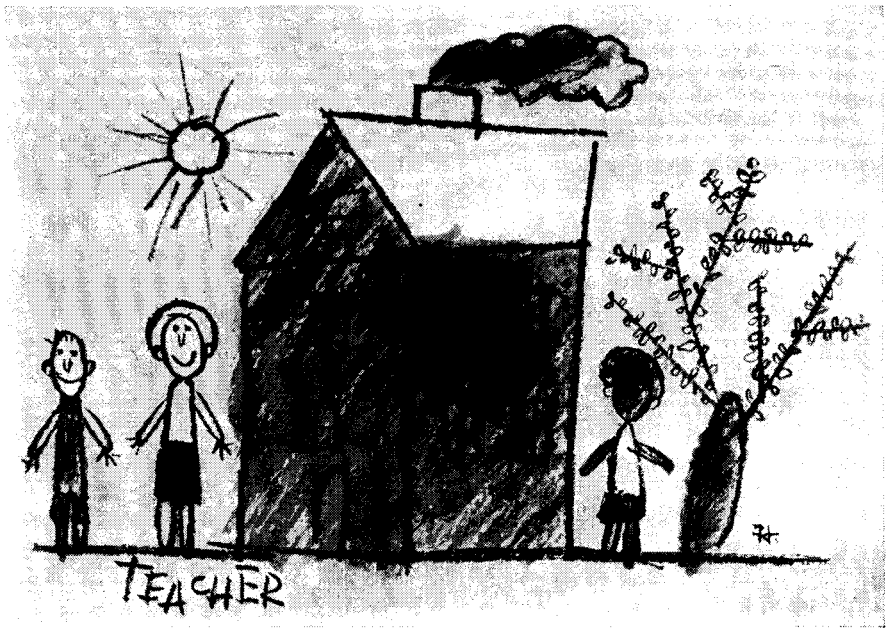
### Is Segregation Heresy?

It has been longer than fifteen years since Father Fichter began working for better race relations. When the bishops of the South founded the Catholic Committee of the South in 1939, he was one of its active members. Ten years later he helped reorganize the Race Relations Department of the Catholic Committee into the Commission on Human Rights, and he has since served as its chaplain.

For years the Commission did its work quietly, bringing together Catholic leaders and experts in social relations, setting up informal discussions and educational programs to prepare the way for eventual integration of all Catholic facilities. After the Supreme Court decisions of 1954 and 1955, the Commission stepped up its program. To counter the flow of propaganda from the diehard segregationists, the Commission started sending out mailings —reprints from Catholic journals on a wide range of topics from genetics to Catholic doctrine, anthropology, health, and social justice. Efforts have been made to answer the more blatant fearmongering with factual, moral, and theological arguments.

Recent mailings included an article written by Catholic students emphasizing their belief in Christ and the unity of His Mystical Body and in the brotherhood of all men under the fatherhood of God; a reprint of "The Church Segregated: Does It Smack of Heresy?"; and a pastoral letter from Bishop Vincent S. Waters of Raleigh, North Carolina.

Orleanians, it was felt, might well be impressed by Bishop Waters's firmness when he spoke as a pastor and as a Southerner: ". . . so that in the future there can be no misunderstanding on the part of anyone, let me state here as emphatically as I can: There is no segregation of races to be tolerated in any Catholic Church in the Diocese of Raleigh. The pastors are charged with the carrying out of this teaching and shall tolerate nothing to the contrary. Otherwise, all special churches for Negroes will be abolished immediately as lending weight to the false notion that the Catholic Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, is divided. . . . I am not unmindful, as a Southerner, of the force of this virus of prejudice among some persons in the South; as well as in the North. I know, however, that there is a cure for this virus, and that is our Faith."




### 'It Should Work Here'

Although no definite time has been set, the parochial schools of New Orleans will accept Negro students "just as night follows the day," according to the last official announcement from the Right Reverend Monsignor Henry C. Bezou, archdiocesan superintendent of Roman Catholic Schools. The Right Reverend Monsignor Charles J. Plauche, chancellor of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, has said, "It's very posible [integration] may be this year . . . and it's equally possible it may be delayed."

The importance of the decision is enhanced by the fact that in New Orleans nearly as many children attend parochial schools as attend public schools, although the percentage of Negro students is considerably less in the parochial schools.

Archbishop Rummel's determined course has estranged some Catholics, embittered others, and perplexed many more. One of the most anguished is Emile A. Wagner, Jr., a member of the Orleans Parish School Board and an organizer of the New Orleans Citizens' Council. Excerpts from a letter he wrote to the Reverend Edward B. Bunn, S.J., president of Georgetown University, have been widely circulated. Mr. Wagner took issue with the position that segregation is opposed to the teachings of the Catholic Church:

"In fact, Father, we Catholics are confronted with a dilemma in conscience. From my knowledge of the personal convictions of the clergy in this area, both Jesuits and otherwise, and it is fairly extensive, I would say that many, if not more than half, are convinced the question of integration has no moral significance. . . .

"With such a division among the clergy, I believe it most unfair for one segment to arrogate to itself all righteousness and to declare that those who do not conform in their opinion have strayed from Catholic doctrine. . . .

"We have in this province a number of Jesuits and other clergy—the



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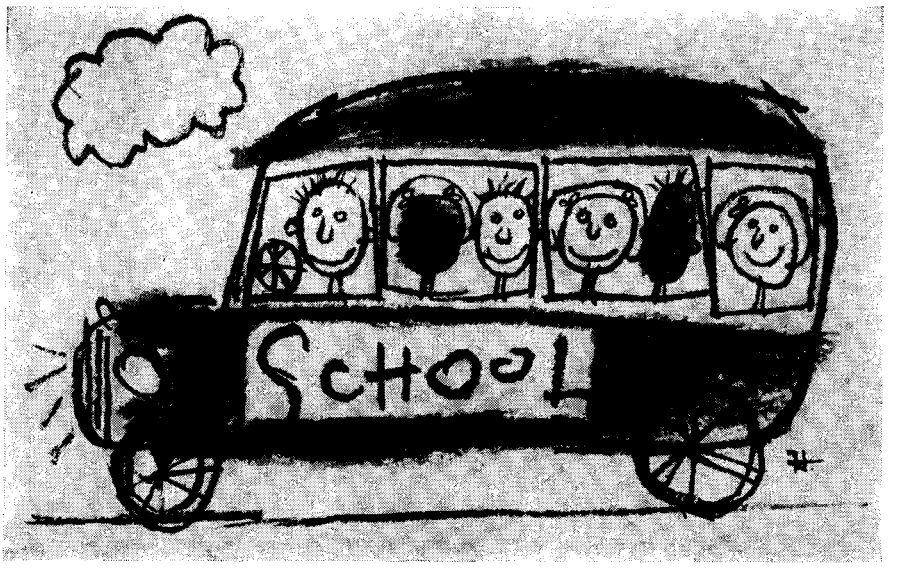
Jesuits are by far the worst—who have no hesitancy in branding an honest segregationist as un-Catholic. What was the Church's thinking when it allowed the Jesuits of New Orleans to own slaves and operate a sugar plantation prior to the War Between the States?"

The letter concluded by asking Father Bunn to prove that segregation is morally wrong.

WHETHER or not Father Bunn was able to convince Mr. Wagner, Archbishop Rummel took up the challenge. On Sunday, February 19, he issued a pastoral letter denouncing racial segregation as "morally wrong and sinful" and affirming his intention of integrating the New Orleans parochial schools "in a spirit of conciliation and with a desire to achieve peace through justice and charity." Thus the Archbishop's position is directly opposed to that of the legislators who would include Catholic schools in the state segregation laws of 1954.

The Archbishop's messages, never brief, have been coming with more frequency. (A young Catholic boy told me: "You really ought to hear the Archbishop. He's really spellbinding for the first hour, and the second hour he is just eloquent, and the third hour he is so-so.") The reason for any delay in attempting integration of parochial schools may stem from the Archbishop's program to prepare the minds and hearts of the clergy, teachers, and parents. He has called upon Catholic social scientists, lawyers, doctors, and other experts to prepare studies and documentation to show that integration may be accomplished without detriment to the education, health, and morals of the students.

THE LONG HISTORY of New Orleans has been remarkably free of racial frictions. From the time of the arrival of the Ursuline nuns, the Capuchin and Spanish friars, and the Josephites, Negroes were welcomed to the Catholic Church, which pioneered in education for Negroes. There was even a period of thirty years after the Civil War when public schools were not segregated. New Orleans has two Negro universities, Dillard and Xavier.




Until recent years the residential areas were mixed. There were no real Negro communities until the development of Federal low-cost housing projects in the early 1940's and the postwar trend toward restricted subdivisions, following the suburban patterns of the North and East. A survey made about 1939 showed that no Negro family in New Orleans lived more than four blocks from white neighbors.

"If the experiment can work out anywhere in the South, it should work here," Father Fichter has ventured to predict.

### What It Costs

Of course the moral crisis affects non-Catholics as well as Catholics:

¶ The die-hard suffers because he *knows* that some of his colored friends like Old Ed don't want to be integrated, and he grieves that others may be harmed more than helped by the Supreme Court.

¶ The gradualist is frustrated because things seemed to be moving more smoothly before the decisions pressured the extremists into organized bitterness and noise.

¶ The optimistic integrationist has to adjust his timetable, and has learned that the problems go beyond his capacity to act.

I RECALLED what a former member of the School Board had said: "You're a member of the School Board because you believe in public schools. They must come first, no matter how strongly you feel about integration. New Orleans public schools have always been stepchildren. About half the schools in town are parochial; the wealthy people send their children to private schools; and the public schools get many children whose parents can't afford to send them to private school.

"I believe in public schools, and I have sacrificed one child to them. I am not sure that I want to sacrifice the others coming along now. And mind you, I have no objection to having them in an integrated school, provided the educational standards are not pulled down by the process. Louisiana schools are not good enough to take another beating. They must be supported by the whole community."

The former Board member was unable to give me figures comparing the cost of maintaining duplicate school systems with the cost of integration. The Board has never attempted to consider the possibilities in that direction.

There has been some criticism of the state grant allocating $100,000 in public funds to assist local school boards in segregation suits. The Orleans Parish School Board was the first to take advantage of the fund. Last August, Gerard A. Rault was appointed special counsel to handle segregation cases, at a salary of $25,000 from the time of his appointment to June 30, 1956, of which the local School Board will pay $15,000. In addition, Mr. Rault will be paid $150 a day for each day he appears in court, and another $150 a day for each day he spends out of New Orleans in the exercise of his duties.

As expensive as litigation is, the



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School Board apparently considers it trifling compared with the cost of the only other course that seems open to it: to abandon public schools and set up a state-wide system of private schools.

Petitions have been signed by all kinds of church and civic groups, but the most active petitioners have been the N.A.A.C.P. and the Citizens' Council. Not long ago, R. G. ("Sunny Jim") Robinson of the Citizens' Council predicted that they could get 15,000 signatures on a petition. "I personally will volunteer to get 150 names," he said, "even if I have to force some of them." A few days later the petition went to the School Board with 14,962 signatures, "but with professional assistance I think we could get 75,000 to 100,000 signatures," he boasted. Social workers representing pro-integration views managed to get ninety-two signatures, and there were 180 names on Rabbi Julian B. Feibelman's petition.

### The Pains of Pioneering

The times are not easy even for those Negroes who win their battles to get into white schools. The first Negro undergraduate admitted to L.S.U. has since transferred to Xavier. There are now about a hundred Negro graduate students at L.S.U., but more than two hundred were admitted. There have been similar drop-outs from the three other state colleges that have admitted Negroes.

One of the L.S.U. Negro graduate students told me that the first couple of weeks had been pretty rough, but she is grateful to the professors for making them easier. She has even made a few white friends.

CAUGHT in the crossfire is the Zulu Aid and Pleasure Club, the Negro carnival organization that has staged joyful parades for more than forty Mardis Gras. In 1949 Louis Armstrong was Zulu himself. However, the N.A.A.C.P. now thinks that Zulu is degrading to Negro dignity, and will ask for his discontinuance "if there is not a substantial improvement over previous years."

This year Zulu paraded with decorum. He did not throw coconuts but handed them around. And there was not a single jazz band to send him off on his dignified way.

## THE SLOW PROGRESS OF INTEGRATION

**ERIC SEVAREID**

The news from the University of Alabama and from some other Southern centers makes it clear that a historic period of official, organized, flat refusal to obey Federal law is well under way, and that the country is going to have to live with this phenomenon for years to come before racial integration of the schools becomes a quiescent issue. This contagion of defiance represents, in the minds of some responsible persons, the most serious challenge to Constitutional processes since McCarthyism. It is intrinsically more serious because it involves more primitive instincts and because it isn't really manageable by any central authority.

No official in Washington can foresee the course of this spreading refusal to obey the law in its various manifestations of evasion, delay, or open defiance. There is agreement only on two things: that any Federal use of physical, forcible measures such as some Negro groups seem to expect—those in California, for example, who baited Mr. Stevenson on this issue—would make matters far worse; and that full integration of the schools in the Deep South is not going to come for a long, long time.

Nevertheless, the movement toward integration is by no means at dead stop; there is much more integration today than there was before the Supreme Court decision of June, 1954. Before that decision, school children were separated in seventeen states and the District of Columbia. Here is the general, though not complete, picture as it appears today:

In the District, unification is completed; in border states it is happening at varying rates of speed; in the deeper Southern states it is not happening at all. In Missouri about eighty-five per cent of Negro students have been integrated; in Oklahoma some 270 schools have mixed students; about one-fifth of Kentucky's school districts have some measure of unification; in West Virginia forty-nine of fifty-five counties have unification in effect; of Maryland's twenty-three counties, nine plus Baltimore City have mixed classes; Delaware has accomplished it in the north and in the city of Dover but opposition remains strong in the south. In Tennessee there is no integration in the high schools save in the Federally run city of Oak Ridge; in south and west Texas there has been some integration in about sixty-five school districts; but nothing much has happened in east Texas, which has ninety per cent of the state's Negro population. In Arkansas only three school districts are integrated; a fourth tried it, then went back to segregation.

In the older South, about the only desegregation has occurred at the college level and this has not proceeded very far in numbers of Negro students applying and admitted. A few Negroes at four of Louisiana's seven state-supported colleges, one in the University of Florida Law School, and so on. Farther north there are now three Negro undergraduates at North Carolina, and Tennessee has an escalator plan for state colleges under which one grade will be desegregated each year, beginning with the graduate-school level next fall and working down to the freshman level in five years.

Another part of the picture, of course, is the varying efforts by state governments to overrule the Supreme Court on the Constitutional question or to get around the spirit of the decision by arrangements, such as the Gray plan in Virginia, permitting local school authorities to assign pupils to schools by other measurements. These attempts are being made in Alabama, Florida, and North Carolina as well as in Virginia. Eight Southern states are considering resurrecting the old doctrine of interposition—state rejection of a Federal Act they hold unconstitutional—and Alabama's legislature has simply declared the Court decision null and void.

The *Southern School News* office estimates a total of about forty-five organized groups fighting desegregation in all these states except Kentucky and West Virginia; they are described as using heavy economic pressures in many localities, as well as direct political pressures on public officials, to maintain the status quo.

In general, integration is proceeding with fairly strong movement in the border states, but resistance to it in the older South is also getting stronger.

*(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)*



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# 'They're Not Uncle Tom's Children'

BEN BURNS

THE FRENCH photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson is known around the world for his sensitive documentary pictures that capture so poignantly the emotions of people of all nations. In Chicago several years after the war, when I was executive editor of *Ebony*, the big Negro picture magazine, a professor at Northwestern University telephoned to say that he was bringing Cartier-Bresson down to *Ebony's* office.

"He's on a tour of America and wants to take some pictures on the South Side. Do you think you can spare some time to show him around?" the professor asked.

"I'd be glad to," I said.

Cartier-Bresson arrived just after lunch with his caseful of Leicas and a dozen-odd lenses. I cleared my desk, ready to take an afternoon off and accompany him on his shooting tour.

"Well, where shall we go?" I asked. "You know there's a lot to see on the South Side. Things have changed much since the war. There are some wonderful new housing projects. Or we can go to Provident Hospital. Then there are some remarkable Negro business establishments you might want some pictures of."

"Where are the slums?" inquired Cartier-Bresson.

I had half expected this query and knew exactly where to take Cartier-Bresson. "I guess the worst are around Federal and Dearborn Streets in the thirty-hundreds."

"Fine, let's go."

### Poverty and Despair

We set out for the ramshackle hovels that still abound in big stretches of the South Side. I tried to steer the renowned photographer away from Federal Street to some of the fine new homes owned by Negroes along Drexel Boulevard. But Cartier-Bresson was not interested. I tried to find some tactful way of explaining to him that the South Side was not all slums, that it was not a fair picture of the whole Negro community to show only the worst sections of it to the rest of the world.

And then I looked into my motives and suddenly discerned that I was behaving like many Negroes I knew who resented being portrayed always as ragged, filthy paupers. I had some pride in what Negroes were achieving and I wanted the rest of the world to know about these accomplishments rather than continue to carry the hackneyed portrait of tenement idlers. I wanted to put on display the best in the community, not the worst—even though I knew that the worst almost always makes better pictures.

Cartier-Bresson, like so many sincere writers and photographers before him, had a preconceived notion of how Negroes lived in Chicago, and this was what he was determined to find with his camera.

On Federal Street he went wild with elation at what he saw. As I watched in wonderment, he ran about in alleys and streets shooting at patched-up back porches, a black lad climbing over a back fence, a dog foraging in a pile of garbage.

FINALLY he was satisfied and we climbed into the professor's new Buick, which seemed very much out of place in this neighborhood. I was determined not to let Cartier-Bresson leave the South Side without seeing something better than Federal Street and persuaded him to look at the modern building constructed by the Chicago Metropolitan Insurance Company, which was on our way back to the *Ebony* office. The company was affiliated with a big undertaking firm and here again Cartier-Bresson found what he was looking for—the emotionalism of a funeral. His camera focused on weeping women rather than on the plush buildings of a million-dollar Negro business which I saw as a graphic contrast to the slums. Again I knew he was right and I was wrong from a pictorial point of view. But I could not but fume inside at the thought that poverty and despair was the prevalent portrait of the Negro and here was the highly original Cartier-Bresson in the same rut.

But I did not say a word; Cartier-Bresson was an artist and a guest. When I cooled off and pondered more about him, it occurred to me that in many ways the most warped and prejudiced views about American Negroes are promoted by Europeans, who are supposedly most unbiased.

### Café Society

I recalled that in two trips to Europe I had often been amazed by the number of stereotyped beliefs about Negroes. In Paris the most mediocre of Negro entertainers were enjoying prosperity such as they had never known back in the States as Frenchmen flocked to see and hear these "exotics" from America.

These stereotypes could be amusing until one sat at a sidewalk café and listened to Negro expatriates bemoaning their status back home. Drawing G.I. Bill of Rights checks or authors' royalties from America, they stayed in Paris until their last cent was gone. Then unable to find any kind of decent employment in Paris —because most Negroes in France do only the most menial kind of labor—they had to return to their terrible homeland to take good jobs as social workers or newspapermen.

There were some who swore they would never return. One of them was Richard Wright, a talented writer whose gay personality and keen sense of humor bely the bitterness and violence of *Native Son* and *The Outsider*. Down deep inside of him there manifestly burns a relentless, insatiable loathing for white people and America that erupts whenever he sits down at a typewriter. And Wright's venom, retailed constantly by expatriates at sidewalk cafés, plus years of headlines about Dixie lynchings, has succeeded in poisoning European thinking about racial problems in America. No amount of argument about the remarkable changes wrought in the



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status of U.S. Negroes, no statistics showing the virtual end of lynchings as a Southern institution, avail to revise European opinions.

Richard Wright enjoys a good audience on the Left Bank for his hate school of literature. Admiring French Bohemians and a loyal retinue of American literary bobby-soxers love to hear him orate with waving hands about the racial sins of his native land.

### 'Return of the Native Son'

Fortunately, the terrible Negro life that Wright knew in America during the depression is for the most part a bad memory—but Wright, who has been away from the South and from Chicago for many years, has not yet discovered this. He writes and orates from memory. Once Wright returned for a short stay in Chicago to shoot some background scenes for his movie version of *Native Son*. Like Cartier-Bresson he looked for slums and found them.

At that time he came to my office at *Ebony* and was somewhat taken aback by the plush surroundings of the highly successful magazine. But again like Cartier-Bresson, he was only interested in slums and they are what he wrote about when *Ebony* contracted with him to do a story in his impressions of Chicago revisited. When Wright sent in his piece from his Paris refuge, we were not sure that we should run it. I favored its publication; *Ebony*'s publisher, John H. Johnson, was against using it. I knew Wright's somber portrait of Negroes in Chicago was a one-sided, distorted view, but with my feelings about freedom for writers I believed Wright deserved an audience. Johnson's concern was mostly for advertisers; for several years we had been informing them of the new prosperity of Negroes and here was Wright contradicting everything we said.

We compromised and ran "The Shame of Chicago" with an editorial rebuttal. In the editorial, which I called "Return of the Native Son," I wrote: "Essentially Wright has done a brilliant job of spotlighting the sins committed against the Negroes of Chicago's invisible city—the colored dwellers hemmed into South Side slums by unseen, unwritten restrictive codes enforced by the terror and violence of white bigots. Returning to the city after twelve years, Wright found the same slums he left. He found the same abominable racial discrimination, the same helplessness and hopelessness that results from slum living. There is no question that these exist in abundance in Chicago.

"However, when it came to the better side of Negro life in Chicago, Wright was wearing blinders.

"Like so many Negroes, distressed and distraught by the bitter pill of racial bias, Wright has become so schooled in striking out in blind fury at the slum way of life that he has failed to perceive the remarkable advances made by Negroes in Chicago since the depression days. The facts of Negro life in Chicago tell a story not unlike that of any big city anywhere in the world. We have our slums, to be sure. But we also have blocks and blocks of fine Negro apartments and homes, which are newer, more roomy and more modern than ninety per cent of the flats in Paris, of which Wright is such an avid admirer."

I concluded: "Go right down the line of what most people in the world consider the measure of better living—food, clothing, shelter, job security—and the Chicago Negro is better off than most Frenchmen."

A year later Wright submitted another article, "I Chose Exile," which told in a moving, trenchant style why he decided to abandon America and live the rest of his life in France. This time publisher Johnson rejected the piece with a positive "No."

Johnson flatly refused to publish Wright's article, claiming it verged on the subversive.

### Paris Again

In the fall of 1953 I met Wright again in Paris and brought up the subject of the rejected article, wondering why it had not appeared in another magazine. It scared them all, Wright said. He then launched into one of his tirades about the reign of fear that was paralyzing American thought.

In talking with Wright, I mentioned some of the signs of racism that I noted in France in the postwar years. I suggested that while France had much to teach Americans about race relations, it was by no means the racial Mecca so often pictured by U.S. Negro visitors. No doubt France was wonderful for "persecuted" American Negroes, but for African Negroes and for Arabs it was anything but a paradise.

Suddenly Wright was talking in whispers that contrasted immensely with his usual loud, sure tone.

"You can say or write just about anything you want but don't get started on France's colonies," he admitted. "Whoop, the police will be on your neck and out you go in forty-eight hours. There's no explanation—just out you go."

Wright conceded that the two to three hundred thousand North Africans living in France were indeed France's soft spot. With many of them unemployed and only the dirtiest jobs open to them, they constituted a critical racial problem that in some ways was as aggravated as America's. But in France it was called a colonial problem.

It was ironical to hear Frenchmen blaming all their racial troubles on the Communists; it had a familiar ring from back home. But even stranger were the French women, who told me: "We don't like to go out in that section at night because a lot of North Africans live there. You're sure to get raped or robbed."

That, too, had a trite sound.

Wright's admission of this French variety of racism did not diminish his love for Paris or his hate for Chicago. About North Africans and French colonialism he wrote not a word.

### A Talk with Miss Stein

Wright's heavy-handed, morose approach to everything racial is the exact antithesis of his original sponsor in France, the late Gertrude Stein, who arranged with the French government officially to invite him to France when he had trouble getting an American passport. I met the famed American author in her Paris flat several years before her death and we talked at length about Wright, who she told me was "without question the best master of English prose in America since myself. That's fairly high praise coming from me."

I had gone to Paris on a Chicago



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*Defender* assignment. There were rumors that Miss Stein was writing a book about Negro G.I.s and it provided a good excuse for barging in on her Left Bank flat. I was ushered into the big living room where the original of Picasso's portrait of the writer hung over the fireplace. With a warm smile, Gertrude Stein welcomed me and immediately started asking questions.

When I finally managed to change the subject from me to her and asked about her new book, she launched into a long discussion of what's wrong with America, its treatment of Negroes and specifically its treatment of Richard Wright. She had never heard of Wright until her return to Paris after its liberation from the Nazis. Her book *Wars I Have Seen* was published soon after that, and among the reviews she saw was a laudatory one by Wright in *PM*. Asking a G.I. friend who this admirer of hers was, she was given a copy of *Black Boy* from the Army library.

"I was very excited and wrote for the rest of his stuff," she told me. "I found Wright was the best American writer today. Only one or two creative writers like him come along in a generation. Every time he says something it is a distinct revelation."

BUT MISS STEIN did not talk like anything Wright wrote when she discussed the Negro. She spoke in terms of compassion rather than hatred. "The Negro can take care of himself. I'm worried about the white man. It's a case of pity the poor persecutor. It's the persecutor who suffers rather than the persecuted."

"You'd have a tough time convincing the persecuted," I interjected.

"But look at the facts. Who could have expected that the Negro would go so far in the eighty years since emancipation? Not even the most hopeful. I find a lot of Negroes coming along," she said. "They're not so pious. They're not Uncle Tom's children. Don't worry about the Negroes. Being pushed around makes them strong."

At the end she returned to the white man. "Whites, meanwhile, have stood still in an effort to keep the Negro down."

## AT HOME & ABROAD

# *Japan: Between Marx And the Middle Ages*

**LILY ABEGG**

THERE is poverty all over Japan. One finds it right off the big thoroughfares of Tokyo. But it is rare to discover entire areas engulfed in misery, as in the coal-mining regions.

In the Chikuho-Tanden area on the southern home island of Kyushu, with its endless pyramidal slag heaps among the green mountains, time seems to have stopped a hundred or

more years ago. There are some large and modern mines on Kyushu, but the majority are extremely primitive and unprofitable. More than two hundred have had to be shut down temporarily or permanently during the past three years.

There is a special reason for the crisis in the Japanese coal industry in addition to its obsolete techniques. In 1952, just at the height of the Korean War boom, most of the miners went on a prolonged strike under the leadership of their newly established and inexperienced unions. As a result, Japanese industry turned to the United States for fuel—especially oil. Once factories were converted to oil, reconversion would have been uneconomical. So the demand for Japanese coal decreased sharply and so did job opportunities for miners.

Today the miner's family budget must depend in part on the women's earnings. Women find work more readily than men, because their wage scales are notably lower—between 150 and 200 yen (42 to 56 cents) a day, sometimes only 100 yen.

While the men stay at home or go out looking for work, women sort coal, carry heavy loads on their backs, and are even made to work down in the mines, in violation of the law. But this is just one of many things prohibited under Japanese labor legislation that are common practice everywhere. Sometimes women, mostly the daughters of the family, are "sold" under labor indentures for as little as a ten-thousand-yen loan (approximately $28). It may take years for the woman to pay off this debt, since she sends the major part of her meager wages home to support her family. Some unscrupulous men press such women into prostitution. In one instance I came across, a mother of three was being held as a prostitute for a debt of seven thousand yen her unemployed husband couldn't repay.

In Fukuoka, the chief city on Kyushu, I went to the office of the government Coal Authority, where I was assured that conditions were improving. "But how about the law for the rationalization of the coal industry?" I asked. "Won't there be more layoffs?" The answer was "No, our modernization plans will create new jobs."



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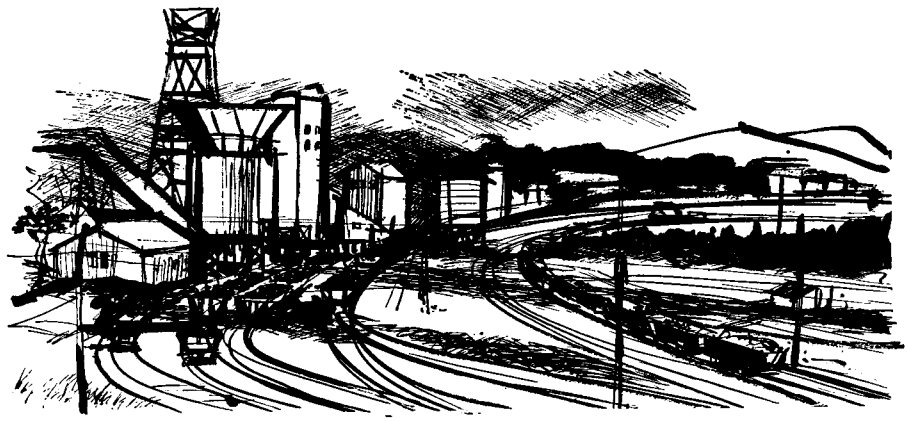
But from Tanro, the largest Japanese mineworkers' union, I received a different reply: "For the workers the Rationalization Law means '*kubikire*': It will cut our throats."

This law, which was enacted last summer, is fairly unobjectionable from a purely economic point of view. It provides chiefly for the abandonment of the inefficient mines and the modernizing of those remaining in operation. The principal drawback of the law lies in its almost total disregard of the grave social maladjustments in the industry. Not only the unions but also many employers are disillusioned.

### Rich and Poor Workers

One cannot understand the present condition of Japan's labor movement and with it the nature of its social problems without at least a cursory look at the structure of the Japanese economy. Side by side with a handful of industrial giants, there are many thousands of small enterprises that are little more than artisans' shops. The larger firms, those with more than two hundred workers, employ only thirty per cent of the labor force. The big companies generally comply with the U.S.-inspired labor laws that were introduced after the war. In these companies the workers are organized. The smaller enterprises, employing more than two-thirds of all Japanese workers, do not bother much about these laws, and their employees remain largely outside the unions. Wages, too, are substantially higher in the larger enterprises, and they are the ones that are usually cited abroad.

The smaller employer still runs his business on a patriarchal basis, combining incredible exploitation (low wages, unpaid overtime, working days up to twelve or fourteen hours) with a minimum of social benefits. In many cases he employs far too many workers, because it is contrary to the traditional social code to leave relatives or friends on the street. The jobless and underemployed in all categories are estimated at a minimum of six to seven million—about sixteen per cent of Japan's working population of forty-four million, and almost ten times the number of unemployed officially registered in the summer of 1955.



Yet the population, which already numbers almost ninety million, grows by at least a million every year. In 1941, when Japan went to war against the Allies, the country had a population of only a little more than seventy-one million. It is obvious that the social question is the major problem in Japan today.

Most of the seven million unemployed and underemployed are badly off indeed. They receive a nominal pittance or no pay at all. They are undernourished and desperate. Their number is further swollen by the army of day laborers who live from hand to mouth and have no unions. Many of the large Japanese enterprises employ a high percentage of day laborers because they are much cheaper. This means that the majority of Japanese workers are not organized.

What, then, is the role of the Japanese unions: that, for instance, of the large Communist-infiltrated General Council of Trade Unions (Sohyo) with nearly four million members?

One can say that in Japan only the "rich" workers are organized. Next to the Sohyo, the Trade Union Congress (Zenro) with about 700,000 members plays a major role. The other unions number some two million members altogether.

The surprising thing is that the Sohyo derives its main support from the 1.8 million workers and employees of the government and of public enterprises. Its other two million are made up of industrial workers from the big companies. These are the highest-paid workers in Japan; some of them are even entitled to pensions.

Naturally, not all Sohyo members are Communist-inclined, but most of the Sohyo leaders are, and they try to make their influence felt more and more. Sohyo is more a political organization than an ordinary union. In a certain sense it carries more weight than the newly reunited Socialist Party of Japan with its eleven million votes.

Sohyo leadership is less concerned with the workers' welfare than with their political indoctrination. Sohyo strikes are almost always political, and pay increases and other such demands serve merely as adjuncts. Since Sohyo is mostly interested in political power, its first interest was in the "rich" workers in the large enterprises and the government services who could be organized more easily.

Zenro, the more moderate federation, rejects political strikes, stresses the unions' economic tasks and is close to the right-wing Socialists.

RECENTLY, however, Sohyo has realized that even the "rich" workers, the left-wing intellectuals, the frustrated youth, and other dissatisfied groups do not add up to enough votes for the left-wing parties. The Japanese House of Representatives still consists of about two-thirds conservatives and one-third Socialists. (The Communists have only two seats.)

For this reason, Sohyo embarked in the summer of 1955 on a major organizing campaign among the smaller enterprises and the day laborers. The question who will win these unorganized masses is of major importance for Japan.

### Strife-torn Socialists

The chief arm of international Communism in Japan today is not the Japanese Communist Party,



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whose tactical errors have discredited it among the Japanese people. Instead, the Communists have pinned their victory hopes on the support of Sohyo and, apparently, of the left-wing Socialists. The latter no longer exist as such, for last October the two Socialist wings merged once more into a single party. The new Socialist Party, however, continues to be torn by dissension. For the future of Japan it will be of decisive importance whether the radical left-wingers or the moderate right-wingers gain ascendancy in this new party. Some of the former are very close to the Communists; the latter are no more revolutionary than most European Socialists.

When I talked to some former left-wing Socialists, they explained: "We must lean more to the left than your European Socialists, because our capitalists are more to the right." There is no doubt that most American and European "capitalists" are more progressive and more socially minded than their Japanese counterparts.

The most extreme faction of the former left-wing Socialists is under the leadership of one Matsumoto, a great friend of the Communists. It is evident that the Communists want to use this extreme left-wing faction together with Sohyo as a Trojan horse to break into the Socialist Party.

### Ditto Conservatives

The conservatives united last November, a month after the Socialists, to establish the Liberal-Democratic Party. They also fail to present a picture of harmony. The long-awaited coalition was preceded by so many squabbles and intrigues that the new party immediately met with considerable suspicion.

In spite of this, the Left remains apprehensive—and not only the Left. Now that the consolidation of the conservative camp has become a reality, many who looked forward to it are fearful that it may grow into a dictatorship of the majority. The conservatives are said to be planning the establishment of a right-wing authoritarian régime that the Left has already labeled as fascist. The prospect has caused much uneasiness among the Socialists.

Nevertheless, the Socialists have not given up hope of seeing the present rule of the Liberal-Democratic Party cut short by scandals and mismanagement. Government in Japan has never been free from corruption, and it is worse than ever now. A young, progressive member of the old Japanese court nobility (not the feudal aristocracy) offered me his explanation of these developments: "Nowadays money alone matters in Japan. No morals, no sense of duty, no sense of responsibility toward society and state exist any longer. Before the war, the influence of the capitalist class was held in check by the aristocracy, which surrounded the Emperor and sat in the Upper House. This aristocracy was jealous of its prestige and did not run after money. In those days government servants, too, had more dignity and sense of responsibility. Today this control by nobility and officialdom has vanished."

Until last November, the two feuding conservative parties kept each other more or less in check. Now only the one powerful Liberal-Democratic Party remains, and scandals within it can more easily be covered up.

### Overoptimistic Government

The Socialists count on two basic factors: the economic and social development of Japan and the mentality of the Japanese people, who have always had a tendency toward collectivism and a need for guidance. Serious efforts are being made, partly on American initiative, to raise industrial productivity through rationalization and modernization. These efforts are economically necessary. They cannot, however, be considered apart from social questions. The Left opposes rationalization in industry on the ground that it will lead to increased unemployment, while the government insists that this can be avoided. In the end, everything will depend on whether rationalization and social measures can be co-ordinated.

Certainly no rationalization program can be expected to run without friction if it has not been carefully planned in every detail. In Japan, where the level and extent of industrialization do not yet correspond to the size of the population, the difficulties and especially the resulting labor dislocations will be even more pronounced. The Japanese government attaches too little importance to such considerations and therefore tends to be somewhat overoptimistic.

To make matters worse, even if the Japanese government were the best and most intelligent in the world, a permanent improvement of economic and social conditions in Japan would hardly be possible as long as the population continues to increase at the present rate. The Japanese have not yet grasped the connection between economic conditions, family well-being, and the number of children.

WHILE the government may be overoptimistic in its appraisal of the economic and social situation



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in Japan, the Left is fearful that its measures for the promotion of industrial productivity may prove successful after all.

For this reason, Sohyo has refused to participate in the important Productivity Center, which was established last spring and which works in close co-operation with American agencies.

Zenro, on the other hand, has left it up to each of its affiliated unions to decide whether or not it will participate. Only a single union, Sodomei, with 243,000 members, is a member of the Productivity Center. Recently a number of Zenro Unions have also promised their co-operation—a gratifying development. Nevertheless, no more than seven or eight per cent of Japan's organized labor supports the rationalization program. Sohyo and the left-wing radicals argue that though such a program is correct and progressive in principle, in a capitalist state its benefits would go only to the capitalists and would not be shared by the workers.

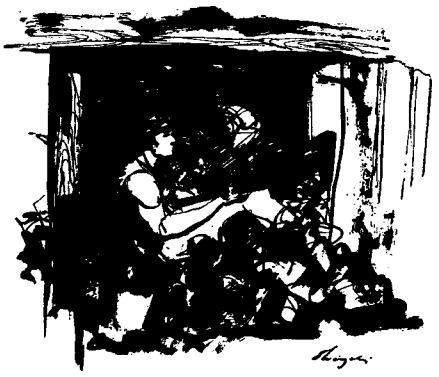
THE ULTIMATE success of the conservatives depends—apart from the avoidance of scandals—on their ability to abolish large-scale unemployment, even if they cannot produce the miracle of full employment. As long as they remain unified and govern effectively, they can count on the patience of the Japanese people and the force of tradition. Should the conservative régime gain the people's confidence, it could avert the political radicalization of the whole labor force, as well as of the peasants and the small entrepreneurs.

It is hard to come to any conclusion because Japan is just now in a particularly dynamic phase of its development. But it is especially important to realize that in Japan the struggle is not so much between freedom and collectivism as between tradition and collectivism. For us, in the United States, freedom and tradition are the same. This cannot be said of Japan.

### Marxist Textbooks

This point can be illustrated by the struggle now raging around the Japanese textbooks. Before the war, there were a limited number of them and they were standardized for the entire country. Since the war, many hundreds of separate titles were admitted in the course of the U.S.-sponsored democratization and decentralization of the schools. Today, the teachers have a strong voice in the choice of textbooks, and the teachers are generally somewhat left-wing. The important teachers' union, by far the largest in the country, is a Sohyo affiliate. The many dozens of publishing houses, who of course want to make money, select their books accordingly.

In spite of this, left-radical tendencies are not quite as prevalent in the books as the conservatives allege. The present controversy was opened by a series of pamphlets



published by the Democratic Party, which last November became the Liberal-Democratic Party. These pamphlets show that some Japanese schoolbooks praise the resistance of the Chinese people to past Japanese aggression and illustrate this with a picture of Mao Tse-tung. Others picture the teachers' union as the true instrument of democratization, and emphasize the importance of the labor unions and denounce the "capitalists." "Workers are slaves"; "Wars are caused by monopoly-capitalists"; and, finally, "Peace is impossible without a change in the social structure."

On the other hand, the Democratic Party also attacks the presentation of historical events of more than a thousand years ago. It condemns such statements as: "Japan imitated the Chinese system"; "Japan copied the capital of Tang [a Chinese dynasty]"; and "Japan advances with the aid of the Chinese civilization." All this, as every foreigner familiar with Japanese history knows, is fully in accord with the facts. It is only the Japanese nationalists and militarists who refuse to admit that it is true.

The situation is characteristic of the ideological battle in Japan today. One camp is leftist and even Communist, the other conservative and even reactionary. To be sure, there are also other voices—those who champion the democratization of Japan—but they are finding it very difficult to make themselves heard at present.

The danger lies not only in the leftist trend but also in the rootlessness that results from today's educational methods. Japanese history and geography are often not taught at all. Like much else in Japan today, this development must be traced to certain measures originally taken by the U.S. occupation authorities. In Kyoto, I watched a big historical parade in honor of the Heian Festival. Joining a group of twelve- to fourteen-year-old schoolboys, I tried to strike up a conversation about the famous figures of Japanese history passing by. The students had never heard of them. The teacher approached with a smile and said, "Today the children no longer learn these things."

This is the way to bring up Communists, not internationalists. One-third of the Japanese electorate already votes for the Left. Between 1953 and 1955 some two million young voters were added to the lists, many of them learned in school that the Soviet Union liberated Japan in 1945 and that the "capitalists" are exploiters and warmongers.

HERE it is widely believed that the conservatives will remain in power for the next seven or eight years. Some Socialists believe this too, while others cut the period to two or three years. The men ruling Japan today may have the very best of intentions, but almost all of them got their training in the old days. The average age of the Cabinet members is about sixty-five. Yet among the younger generation of politicians and business leaders, which in Japan includes even men between fifty and fifty-five, there are a number of modern, social-minded persons. It is to be hoped that they will gradually take control and will find the right balance between tradition and progress.



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# *Britain's New Foreign Secretary*

**ALASTAIR BUCHAN**

THE MAN who sits today in the high, ugly room in the British Foreign Office that looks across to the sleepy ducks in St. James's Park—the Right Honourable John Selwyn Brooke Lloyd, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—has a very different personality from that of most of Britain's Foreign Secretaries. Foreign affairs have traditionally been an aristocratic preoccupation in Britain (as, to a lesser extent, they have been in the United States). Lloyd's two immediate predecessors, Sir Anthony Eden and Harold Macmillan, come from the upper-class world of Eton, good regiments, and easy living, but Selwyn Lloyd is a product of middle-class background. Where the other two are both good linguists and were brought up in a sophisticated atmosphere, Lloyd speaks no foreign language and has traveled little. Eden and Macmillan have both been in politics for thirty years; Lloyd has been in it for only ten. Eden became a Cabinet Minister twenty years ago; Lloyd became one less than a year ago.

What sort of Foreign Secretary will he make, this tough, able, sardonic man who has risen so rapidly to high office? Has he the qualities of a Curzon, or, at the opposite end of the scale, of an Ernest Bevin? Few people know him well, and there is little on the record by which to judge him. Within those Conservative Party groups which are growing restive under Sir Anthony Eden's leadership, a larger question is taking shape: Is Selwyn Lloyd the man they should look to as their next leader?

### The Lawyer and the Soldier

The only boy in a family of four, Selwyn won a scholarship to Fettes, one of those Spartan Scottish private schools where the windows are reputed to be nailed open all winter, and a boy either dies of pneumonia or becomes indestructible. After Cambridge he became a lawyer—not a dashing pleader at the criminal bar like his famous fellow townsman, F. E. Smith, Lord Birkenhead, but an expert in the humdrum, complex field of commercial and insurance law.

In 1939 he was a successful barrister of thirty-five. In June, when

*Selwyn Lloyd*

the threat of war became apparent, he joined the artillery and in four years rose from second lieutenant to brigadier. His clearheadedness and his ability to grasp essentials made him an ideal staff officer, and Field Marshal Montgomery picked him out soon after Dunkirk as one of his staff to plan the return to Europe. When OVERLORD finally took shape he was selected as the equivalent of the head of G-2 for Britain's Second Army, the formation that fought the Battle of Normandy, the pursuit to the Rhine, the tragic near-miss at Arnhem, and the final battle of Germany on the immediate left of U.S. First and Ninth Armies.

My own first encounter with him was in Normandy when, reporting to him as a nervous young liaison officer, I saw him reorganizing a complex air, naval, and army operations plan, unruffled after three days and nights without sleep.

SELWYN LLOYD had been brought up a Liberal. In 1929, the year the Liberal Party foundered as a major political force, he stood for Parliament and came in last. During the early 1930's he left the party, unable, like many young men, to perceive the relevance of Liberal economics to a world-wide depression. But unlike most of his contemporaries who veered toward the Labour Party, he became a Conservative. He had always been active in local affairs and before the war had ended he was chosen as the Conservative candidate for his local constituency near Liverpool. Despite the Labour landslide of 1945 he was elected by a big majority.

He made little mark during his first three years in the House of Commons, but he emerged as an expert on public finance and became deputy to R. A. Butler in the Conservative Party's Research Department, a remarkable nursery of talent which has provided the Conservatives with much impetus during their present term of office.

### 'Never Defeat Your Friends'

When the Conservatives came back to power in 1951, it was assumed that Lloyd would become Butler's deputy at the Treasury. Instead, Churchill sent him to represent Britain at the United Nations.

The U.N. is a place where lawyers flourish, but Lloyd became more than just an agile forensic opponent to Vishinsky. As British delegate he learned a lot about the nature of the Anglo-American partnership. He was much impressed by a remark of Dean Acheson's at the time of the turmoil over the Indian resolution on the Korean truce negotiations in 1951-1952, "Never defeat



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your friends." And he withstood a lot of pressure from Eden and from London to accede to the Indian plan. He realized the emptiness of mere opposition to the United States on such questions as the Korean armistice or Formosa, where British views were closer to those of Europe and India, or of mere agreement where the interests of the two countries coincided. In his three years at the United Nations, Lloyd did a useful job in building a bridge, narrow though it may have been, between the United States and India—no easy job in view of the conflicting personalities of Henry Cabot Lodge and Krishna Menon.

AFTER a brief period as Minister of Supply, the department that deals with the design and procurement of aircraft and weapons, Lloyd became Minister of Defence in the Cabinet reshuffle that followed Churchill's resignation last April. This was a difficult job: There have been seven Ministers of Defence in the last nine years. But Lloyd was well informed on military and strategic matters. He is an admirer of James Forrestal and he was the first Minister to make a real effort to integrate service planning and procurement, a task that is even harder in Britain than in the United States because of the encrustation of service traditions. Given time, Lloyd would have made his will prevail, for he has a quality of ruthlessness that may well be what is needed to overhaul Britain's defense program.

### Focus on the Colonies

No one can predict how good he will be as a Foreign Secretary—least of all Lloyd himself, for his habitual brusqueness hides considerable diffidence. He has a good record of sympathy and understanding on colonial questions, and he worked hard to find a formula that would enable the Sudan to become an independent country. Colonial affairs are not his direct concern, but they impinge more and more on foreign affairs proper. In the next two years or so—with Nigeria, the Gold Coast, the West Indies, and the Malayan Federation scheduled to achieve either Dominion status or independent nationhood, quite apart from the cold-war implications of problems in Cyprus, Kenya, and Malta—the division between foreign and colonial problems will become indistinguishable.

Lloyd's training as a lawyer and as a soldier has accustomed him to take one problem at a time and work at it until the outlines of a solution emerge. Thus, in his first few weeks in the Foreign Office, he concentrated almost exclusively on the Middle East and the question of preventing an Arab-Israeli war. As a result he was able to take to Washington some definite proposals for strengthening the force of the Tripartite Declaration of 1950 by allocating British and American forces to intervene if necessary, and for strengthening the U.N. truce teams. There were pitfalls in his plan which were pointed out in Washington, but at least they represented a considerable improvement on the previous policy of avuncular advice to both sides.

His next point of focus will probably be the Cyprus problem, for which he is determined to produce a solution. Lloyd is a realist with a mind that is capable of bringing many different factors together. Had he been in a position of power earlier, he might have saved Britain from making the absurd mistake of building up Cyprus as the most important of Britain's overseas strategic bases while letting the political situation there deteriorate. That—like the export of surplus arms to the Middle East—was a blunder characteristic of the fragmentation of responsibility that took place in Churchill's later years as Prime Minister.

### The Hesitant and the Powerless

In theory an American election year, when the Administration is politically inhibited from any bold initiative in foreign affairs, is one in which Britain could usefully take the lead, and there are plenty of people in London who argue that this should be Britain's role. But this theory founders on the fact—this year more than any other—that only the United States can provide the necessary material support. Whereas in 1953 or 1954 it was possible to envisage a more equal partnership between Britain and the United States as the former regained economic equilibrium, the events of the last year have made the partners still more unequal. Britain is again in the throes of an economic crisis brought on by creeping inflation and the drying up of many of its export markets. The United States has not only become increasingly strong economically but has begun to surpass Britain (thanks to the huge resources devoted to research at the time of the Korean War) in the design and production of weapons, planes, and guided missiles.

There is a strong feeling in London among members of both the major parties that the only answer the West can make to the Soviet bid for Asia is an imaginative program of economic aid for capital expansion and the development of public services in underdeveloped countries on the lines that Harold Stassen and Nelson Rockefeller have been advocating. But Britain has almost no resources to put into any such plan: It is an open secret that the British Treasury had the greatest difficulty in finding cash for the modest British contribution ($15 million out of $70 million) toward the Anglo-American grant for the foundation of the Aswan High Dam. If Washington is hesitant, Whitehall is powerless.

Another instance of the same problem is visible in NATO. Last December the NATO Council decided that high priority must be given to improving the air defenses of Europe and to supporting the ground forces with guided missiles. It is only from the United States that such equipment is available, quite apart from the question of financing them. The disparity in the military strength—and therefore of the power to make decisions—between the United States and its allies is growing rather than diminishing.

### The Khrushchev Test

Lloyd's first major test as a Foreign Secretary will come when Khrushchev and Bulganin visit London in April. It will also be, in a way, a test of his relations with his Prime Minister. There was little concealment about the fact that Eden and Macmillan had had serious differences of opinion about the way in which Russia should be confronted after the failure of the Geneva Foreign Ministers' Conference



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and particularly after the abuse heaped on Britain by Khrushchev during his tour of India and Burma.

Macmillan, who had taken a very strong line with Molotov at the Foreign Ministers' meeting—much stronger than Dulles, who wished to extract some residue of success from it—had little sympathy with his chief's attitude that Britain should behave as if nothing had happened. (It should be said in fairness to Eden that this was not the reason for his moving Macmillan from the Foreign Office to the Treasury; the Cabinet changes had been decided upon at least two months earlier.) It is generally agreed that Eden is a brilliant negotiator and repairman for seemingly hopeless diplomatic situations—as he proved in 1954 over the Indo-China armistice and the collapse of the European Defense Community. But, critics within his own party maintain, he is not outstandingly creative. Will Lloyd, with his toughness and realism, take the opportunity of the Russian visit really to confront Khrushchev and Bulganin with the implications of their new Middle Eastern and Far Eastern policy? And if he does, will it bring him into conflict with Eden? He has been Eden's political protégé, and it will not be easy for him to establish his independence since Eden still insists on running foreign affairs himself.

### Heir to Leadership?

Selwyn Lloyd is not likely to have as much of the limelight in the near future as Harold Macmillan at the Treasury. Macmillan may well prove to be a very good Chancellor of the Exchequer; he is already talking to industry and labor with a stern voice whose like has not been heard in the land since the passing of Sir Stafford Cripps. The general criticism about the indecisiveness of Eden's leadership springs at bottom from a deep sense of uneasiness about economic rather than foreign policy, and so it is to Macmillan that the political laurels will go if there should be an improvement in Britain's domestic and international economic position.

But Macmillan is sixty-two years old to Lloyd's fifty-one, and his Parliamentary and public manner is too fumbling to make him a likely contender for the leadership. In fact, Lloyd's political strength lies partly in his youth and potential. He is one of the few Conservative leaders of first-class ability who straddle the gap in age between Eden and Macmillan—members of that small band who survived the First World War—and the younger Tories who are all in their thirties and forties. He is a man of great physical vigor, while his senior colleagues are mostly tired men. Eden is a man of delicate though not ill health, and has somehow failed to capture the imagination of his countrymen. R. A. Butler, who a year or two ago was the obvious rival to Eden, is today a deeply discouraged man who has seen his economic policy fail for reasons largely outside his control. He has also been deeply affected by the death of his wife.

A HUNDRED years ago the best political analyst of his time, Walter Bagehot, wrote of Sir Robert Peel that "A constitutional statesman is in general a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities." That is a not unfair description of Selwyn Lloyd, or for that matter of Hugh Gaitskell, the new leader of the Labour Party. A Britain that is now forced to take a detailed inventory of its economic, military, and international position may well decide to cast its political debate around these two unromantic but effective figures.

# *The Soviets and the Asians*

## A Canadian journalist's surprising eyewitness report

**I. NORMAN SMITH**

I HAVE recently returned to my home in Ottawa after a visit to the Soviet Union as a reporter traveling with Lester B. Pearson, Canadian Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This was followed by ten days in Singapore for the Colombo Plan meeting, and a ten-thousand-mile ramble around Australia and New Zealand.

Mr. Pearson and his party flew to Moscow in a Royal Canadian Air Force plane. There were no incidents, other than a pause in Berlin to pick up a Russian navigator and wireless operator. We spent six days in Moscow, one in Leningrad, and one in the Crimea, where Mr. Pearson went to spend the night at the resort home of Nikita S. Khrushchev, a night that featured a great vodka-drinking dinner hard on the heels of a solid two-hour discussion in which Marshal Bulganin and the Canadian Ambassador to the Soviet Union joined Pearson and Khrushchev.

### The Unconventional Story

What I reported on Russia can be summarized quite briefly. I found a Moscow of broad thoroughfares crowded with automobiles and pedestrians and equipped with the finest in subway transit.

I walked alone by day and night through fifty-odd miles of Moscow's streets and stores and markets, and encountered only friendly curiosity and good-natured assistance when I needed to point to a word in my Russian dictionary.

The food stores had plentiful stocks of attractive goods that were selling at reasonable prices to ordinary citizens. Handsome clothing and luxury gadgets or furnishings were prohibitively expensive,



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but a plain shirt or a subway ride or an ice-cream cone or potatoes or a book or a theater ticket seemed cheaper than in our living standard.

I saw the permanent Soviet Agricultural Exhibition. It is probably ten times larger than Canada's National Exhibition at Toronto, and all the year round it painstakingly and excitingly educates for two weeks at a time thousands of the best farmers brought from all over the nation at state expense—educates them in agriculture and associated arts and crafts, and in the basic Soviet ideals of politics and citizenship. Russia claims to have opened new soil last year equaling Canada's entire cultivated prairie acreage.

The Russians I saw looked healthy but they dressed drably and cheaply and so at first glance seemed spiritless and even unhappy. But if you looked again you found them as ready to smile as anybody else, quick to argue or to clown, by no means all cut to a common pattern—except in clothing.

But they had an added something I can only describe as curiosity, or perhaps even keenness. Their good bookshops were jammed with customers, the Agricultural Exhibition was crowded with farmers and city dwellers alike, seeing and carefully studying the exhibits. Masses of the ordinary public flowed through the Kremlin treasure halls and the Leningrad gallery; conducted student tours were encountered every day in all manner of places; hotel reception clerks and subway guards seemed to pass every idle moment reading books or government literature. In short, I got the feeling that here was a people with more individuality, more spirit, more pride in country, better health, and greater energy than I had been led to believe.

I SUPPOSE it is now time for me to make clear that I am not defending Communism. I loathe it in mind, heart, and soul. When I hunted out a Roman Catholic Church in Moscow I could see beyond doubt that people of that religion are persecuted, even if, as some suggest, Protestant Russians are being given a slightly freer course. I am aware, too, that work camps and jails are full, that the Russian people are perhaps being driven to read their books and study their homework and develop their country and resources, and that individual freedoms as we know them are rare indeed. Finally, I know that the Kremlin's long-term aim is to rule first its own people and then the world's. But I wrote of the things I had seen and not of the things I might have liked to see.

**None So Blind . . .**

Since returning I have found from letters and phone calls and personal conversations that Canada is full of people who know infinitely more

about Russia than I do. Almost without exception none of them has been there. I gather, too, that this has been the discovery of others who went on Mr. Pearson's party, and that the Minister's own revelations have been received with more than the traditional grain of salt allotted Cabinet Ministers' pronouncements.

The majority of readers apparently ignored my criticism of Russian life and my indictment of Russian intent. Instead, they fastened exclusively and resentfully on everything I said about power and progress, about health and relative contentment. Some heatedly contested my right to any view on Russia because I had been only in Moscow, Leningrad, and the Crimea. A few snuggled comfortably into their own conception of Russia by asserting that I was a "pink" and probably had received free board and lodging in Moscow. I am not just talking about a few crackpots; the unwillingness to accept the Russian story is widespread. I believe it is a national failing in Canada of great potential danger. I believe it is no less an American failing.

Because we deplore Communist ways, we tend to understimate the Russians and belittle their achievements. Some of us believe with firehot certainty that Russia is going to declare war on us when the time is ripe. We should, then, be vigilant in our study of Soviet warmaking potential. Some of us cling to the belief that somehow we can and must coexist. We should, then, be zealous in our efforts to clear away the barriers of mutual mistrust, to base our policies upon facts rather than upon fancies and fears.

**The Other Inventory**

What are the facts? Among the darkest are the purges, the prisons and oppressions, the inhumanity to man, the labyrinthine foreign policy. I do not ask that they be minimized; on the contrary, I state them first. But an inventory of Russia's wrongs would take a book, and there is another inventory that should also concern us deeply.

¶ The New York *Times* on January 24, 1956, reported that according to the new Soviet Five-Year Plan Russia would be producing between two and two and a half million kilowatts of atomic energy by 1960. Against this, Britain plans to have a generating capacity of one and a half to two million kilowatts by 1965, and in the United States six major atomic projects are scheduled to have a combined capacity of 689,000 kilowatts in 1960.

¶ The *Kiwanis Magazine* recently presented a six-page report of the twelve American farmers who toured the Soviet Union last summer and who found things back on the farm in Russia as impressive as I found the cities of Moscow and Leningrad. Are we going to call these Midwest farmers pinkos?

¶ Testimony to the Soviet Union's increasing military strength has been



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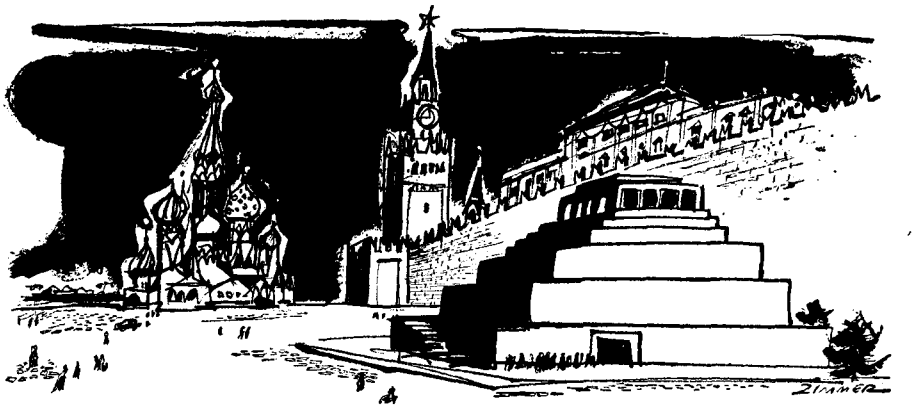
impressive. In December Jane's *All the World's Aircraft* announced in London that Russian air strength was growing rapidly and would soon challenge western air superiority. General Nathan F. Twining, U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff, said last October that the Soviet rate of progress in plane production was much greater than that of the United States. "They possess," he said, "thousands more combat airplanes than we do." Admiral Jerauld K. Wright, NATO's navy chief, said the Russian submarine fleet was larger than those of all other nations put together.

¶ Sir Winston Churchill, in his first major speech since the 1954 general election, said in December: "Technological education is an all-important subject in which Great Britain has allowed herself to fall behind. We are already surpassed by Russia on a scale which is most alarming."

¶ In London Sir Robert Shone, executive member of the Iron and Steel Board who headed a mission to the Russian steel industry recently, said that in Russia's modern steel plants output per man was equal to Britain's best rate, and that the best rates in England and the United States would have to increase more rapidly than at present if they were to keep pace with the acceleration in Russia. He reported that financial incentives, propaganda, and social rewards were increasing Russian workers' output.

### Mr. Pearson Is Shaken

There has been more general testimony. James Sinclair, the Canadian Fisheries Minister, recently spent two months in the Soviet Union, traversing the country from Moscow to the Pacific. On his return he reported the passion for learning he found in the Russian people. He found nothing phony in the Russian fishermen's talk of longing for peace. He described gigantic industrial strides made by Russia, and an ever-increasing emphasis on science and technology. Russia, he found, is putting great emphasis on education. Teachers are now rated next to Communist Party bosses in the Soviet social scale, and the finest buildings in many Russian communities are the schools.



Mr. Pearson's speeches, however, provide the best summary of our collective impressions and conclusions. "I have come back," he said, "very worried that we may be failing to adapt our foreign policies to the changing conditions. . . .

"Where there *is* a clearly defined western policy it is too often concerned with the necessary, if limited and often inadequate, goal of containing Communism by merely military means. . . .

"We will lose ground unless we readapt our tactics. . . .

"Time is perhaps no longer on our side, for the first time since the cold war started."

Mr. Pearson made clear he had been in Russia only a short time and hadn't seen the whole country, but he said his eight days shook him. "Shook" is his word, and he is known as a man who doesn't shake easily.

"My abiding impression," said Mr. Pearson, "was one of great power on the part of the state, of massive power, massive strength, indeed of great collective wealth and of inflexible purpose . . . One certainly does not get the impression after visiting Russia that they are a beaten, servile, lifeless people. One does not even get the impression that they miss their freedom as we would miss it. . . .

"*We* know our system is stronger. We know it deep down in our hearts —because it is based on the free man. But by that very token they say *they* will prevail because our freedom in the western world is degenerating into license and luxury and laziness. Their system, based on total control and one hundred per cent discipline, produces a people who are patient, strong, and willing to accept sacrifices for the state. Again it is up to us to prove that they are wrong."

His statements had little impact on the Canadian mind.

IN ONE of his recent speeches Mr. Pearson said he wasn't sure that the revolution he saw going on in Asia and Southeast Asia wasn't even more important, historically, than what he had seen in Russia. On the strength of my own brief visits to Asia, I suspect he is right.

I know that the United States has increased its appropriations for Asia in recent years, and that the Administration is hoping to raise them again. But I doubt if Americans are yet doing as much as they need to do for their own good.

I am sure that Canadians are not doing enough. True, Canada recently increased its aid to the Colombo Plan by $8 million a year. But that brings us only to a per capita cost of $2.20 for every Canadian. It is fantastically out of scale, whether judged as a compassionate grant or as a defense against Communism.

The last annual report of the Colombo Plan committee warned of the rapid increase of population in Southeast Asia, perhaps by ten million a year, and declared per capita food consumption was not only below accepted nutrition standards *but below prewar levels.* That is, in the fundamental of all fundamentals—eating—things are getting worse, not better.

In 1950, after a trip to Asia, I wrote that we were losing ground in the Far East. Since then, the forces of the United Nations have made terms with the Communists in Korea: the West has lost half of Indo-China and maintains a most



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slippery hold on Malaya and Singapore; Japan is beginning to show signs of ferment; Communist China has increased in power and stature; and Formosa has become no more than an embarrassing and pathetic island.

This is not just my say-so. On February 2 the New York *Times* quoted a study released by the Japanese Economic Planning Board in Tokyo. The study concluded that the United States is losing the battle of economic aid to Southeast Asia and the Middle East—losing it, that is, to Russia. It gave these reasons: Russia is offering easier terms and taking payment in surplus commodities; Moscow is not dictating how the money is to be spent or linking its program to military commitments.

### Mr. Nehru's Excitement

We in the West may feel, in our comfortable wisdom, that Asian poverty is too big for solution. The Asian leaders don't. On Christmas Day Prime Minister Nehru spoke of the enthusiasm of drawing up India's second Five-Year Plan.

"What more exciting task," he asked, "could there be for any people than to plunge themselves in this huge wave, to co-operate with millions of people and to raise the level of these millions?"

In Canada and the United States we don't think much of five-year plans, chiefly because God in His infinite kindness has made them seemingly unnecessary. We scoffed at the Russian plans, you'll remember. Yet they worked; and now they're starting another one. India means to make its plan work, either with or without outside help.

Mr. Nehru says it is "exciting" to work at such a plan. This was the kind of excitement I sensed in Russia. The people seemed to feel involved in what they were doing or making. They may not know all the directions or the plans, but the dynamic of something big is at work on them. We may laugh at their naïveté, at their zeal and their excitement. Caring less and less about more and more is becoming the banner of our individual freedom. The time may eventually come when even if we cared more it couldn't matter less.

# *Knowland: The Man Who Wants to Be Taft*

**DOUGLASS CATER**

WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND, who for nearly three years now has been the Republican Floor Leader in the Senate, provides an interesting contrast to his Democratic opposite number, Lyndon Johnson. They are both forty-seven years old, big, strong of feature but not particularly handsome. There the similarity ends.

Johnson, the Texan, is rangy, rawboned, restless; he roams the Senate Chamber and cloakrooms exercising his leadership—hardly slowed down by a coronary attack—by keeping in constant direct communion with his colleagues. Knowland, the Californian, is heavy-set and ponderous, with the powerful skull and physique of a prize fighter but the slow, methodical responses of a man disciplined to more sedentary sports. Knowland's leadership, someone has remarked, is like that of the old-time cavalry colonel: He takes his position well out in front of the troops, never looking back lest he undermine morale.

Knowland's seeming calm while in the Chamber is broken by the turbulence of his facial expressions. His frown of concentration creases great furrows upon his forehead and knots his brow like a constricted muscle. In anger, ropy veins push out; his brows appear to move together, kneading the fleshy area between as an ordinary man might clench his fist. His smile, while rarer, can be a pretty fearsome thing too. With all this, his colleagues attest that temperamentally Knowland is a shy man behind the awesome exterior and the booming voice, a politician who is profoundly uneasy in the personal relationships that are his daily burden.

IN MOTION, Senator Knowland carries himself forward at a relentless pace, head thrust forward, arms swinging, in great swift strides as if he were enacting a comic pantomime of the man with a burning mission. But for Knowland there is nothing comic about his mission. Knowland thinks, it has been said, the same way he walks. Somewhere along the way he fixed his destination as the Presidency itself. Having made this decision, his impatience to get there has been thinly concealed. Months before Mr. Eisenhower's heart attack last September Knowland had declared solemnly in a television interview that the Republican Party did not need a "reluctant" candidate in 1956. After the President's return to Washington, Knowland alone among the top Republican leaders publicly prodded him to make a prompt decision on whether to run again.

Since then Knowland has made many trips to conservative Republican strongholds, where he has reportedly kindled hope in tired old breasts where hope once burned brightly for Robert A. Taft. Knowland has allowed his name, or delegates pledged to him, to be entered in half a dozen states, although he has cheerlessly affirmed that he will bow out in favor of Eisenhower.

In early February, a rallying cry was sent out in support of Knowland's candidacy by James L. Wick, executive publisher of *Human Events*, a weekly tip sheet somewhat to the right of the Republican right wing. "Don't waste precious time, energy and money seeking to change left-wingers into right-wingers," Wick urged. "In the first place, it's too late for that. In the second place, conservatives are already in the majority—in your state, in almost every state." Knowland would be the next President, Wick promised, "If conservatives . . . will work as hard for Knowland in 1956 as Ohio conservatives worked for Taft in 1950 . . ." (No mention was made of Taft's Presidential bids of 1940, 1948, and 1952.)

Thus, Knowland has moved deliberately to take on the role of op-



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position candidate within the Republican Party. He has accepted and even encouraged the public image of himself as the nominee of the tight corps of a Republican Old Guard that could not win the nomination even before Eisenhower Republicanism began to transform the party. It is a strange fate for a man still in the prime of his political life who was once the youthful protégé of Earl Warren and who in 1949 joined the abortive intraparty revolt against Taft's leadership in the Senate.

### Strong for Coolidge

William Fife Knowland was born on June 26, 1908, in Alameda, California, across the bay from San Francisco. His grandfather had done very well in lumber. His father, Joseph Russell Knowland, Jr., served six terms in the U.S. House of Representatives, but was defeated in a bid for the Senate in 1914. That year, he arranged to buy a half interest in the Oakland *Tribune* from Mrs. Herminia Peralta Dargie, the widow of its former publisher, and thus laid the foundation for more lasting Knowland political power in California. The Knowland family now owns the paper.

The Knowlands, though they followed Teddy Roosevelt into the Bull Moose camp, were firmly rooted political conservatives. An old associate has said that probably the only radical ever to cross young Knowland's path was the theologian George Albert Coe, a belligerent exponent of the social gospel who married the Senator's Aunt Sadie. But Knowland's contacts with his uncle were probably fleeting. Last summer, a student preparing his doctoral dissertation on the now deceased Coe wrote Knowland a letter asking for any recollections. He received no reply.

Knowland, who was only four years old at the time Teddy Roosevelt split the Republican Party ranks, seems never to have wavered from the line of straight party loyalty. At twelve, while still in grammar school, he delivered a speech for the Harding-Coolidge ticket. Four years later, he was finance chairman of the Coolidge-Dawes Club of Alameda, a hefty high-school kid presiding over politicians several times his age. At the University of California Knowland was beaten in his campaign for class president—one of his few political defeats—but distinguished himself as chairman of the Hoover-Curtis Club in 1928.

This background of party fidelity offered some comfort to Administration leaders during the heyday of McCarthy's power, when there was speculation that Knowland might join a third-party movement. Martin Hayden, Washington correspondent of the Detroit *News*, who

was a fellow officer and roommate of Knowland's during the Second World War, recalls a debate they had in 1944 when the late Senator Joseph H. Ball (R., Minnesota) jumped the party traces to support Roosevelt's fourth term. Major Knowland felt it was inexcusable.

Though not so much of a political boy wonder as Harold Stassen or Richard Nixon, Knowland was still pretty precocious. Only three years out of college, he ran for the state legislature and became its youngest member. At twenty-seven he was the youngest state senator. He was the youngest member of the Republican National Committee and the youngest chairman of its executive committee. In 1945, after three years' Army service, he was appointed to the Senate by Governor Warren to fill the vacancy left by Hiram Johnson's death.

Knowland's admirers have claimed that he attained maturity at an exceptionally early age. Certainly there is no evidence that he ever went through a period of doubt and soul searching common to many young men and women who began their careers during the grim depression years. Knowland appears to have made most of his basic decisions early. At eighteen he married the girl he had been going steady with since the sixth grade; she had been vice-president of the high-school student body when he was president.

Helen Herrick Knowland contradicts the legend that Washington is a city of great men and the women they married when they were very young. Friends say that she is a vivacious as well as a highly imaginative woman who is generously endowed with the sense of humor her husband lacks. She wrote a novel in 1949, *Madame Baltimore,* which dealt with marital infidelity and murder in the nation's capital. Though it was hardly the kind of thing likely to be helpful to a politician's career, Knowland evidently approved its publication. Since then, however, it has been reported that he has discouraged her literary career.

### For Shame, Madam!

Knowland has for a long time displayed a rigidity in his make-up that is the despair of his associates. Martin Hayden, his wartime roommate, tells of having served with him on a court-martial involving a rape. The presiding officer cautioned the participants not to discuss the case outside the courtroom. Late that night, in the privacy of their own room, Hayden chanced to mention the case. Knowland reproved him sternly for violating orders.

When Knowland got the Senate appointment while he was still overseas, he tried unsuccessfully to get his discharge papers revised. They contained a stricture against disclosure of classified information which he felt might help him in Senatorial debate. He once admonished a fellow Senator's wife for jaywalking, arguing that she ought to set an example in law abiding.

This propensity to take things



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literally when so much Senate action is feint and maneuver caused some bewilderment among Washington correspondents during his first years as a Senator. He was classified as a member of the liberal Republican bloc by some, as a conservative by others. His party-unity voting record was low. (It has improved since.) In one of his early debates he boldly took on Taft over the issue of which should be reduced first, the public debt or taxes. Taft argued for a tax cut, using the Keynesian approach that consumer purchasing power had to be maintained during a time of diminished military spending. Knowland spoke for debt reduction, arguing that "fiscal rectitude" made it obligatory.

KNOWLAND was not a member of the small coterie of Republican Senators such as McCarthy, Jenner, and Kem—winners in the so-called meat-shortage election of 1946—who seemed to take as their mission the destruction of every last shred of responsible domestic and foreign policy. It is difficult to discern from his votes just what he believed concerning the role of the Federal government in domestic matters. Along with Taft, he supported Federal aid to education. Unlike Taft, he was against the broad-scale Housing Act of 1949 and has continued to be chary of the public-housing program. He has favored strong civil-rights legislation and even co-sponsored an effort to override Southern opposition with a cloture resolution.

On foreign policy toward Europe, his votes have generally followed the path of bipartisanship, in marked distinction to the other "meat-shortage" Senators. When the British loan came before the Senate in 1946 Knowland made the rather unusual proposal that it should be paid out only when production exceeded consumption in the United States. Since then, however, he has supported most of the postwar programs, balking a bit at Point Four and usually favoring the less drastic economy cuts at appropriation time. Here as on the military program, he has not been recalcitrant, but neither has he displayed much anxiety about whether the United States may fall short of meeting international responsibilities.

**Leopards, Tigers, and Other Cats**

It is toward the Far East that Knowland has revealed an anxiety that has made him defy and at times threaten outright revolt against the Eisenhower Administration. Toward the forces of Nationalist China his passionate hope has increased as their capabilities have dwindled.

Mrs. Knowland once wrote in a magazine article, "In college Billy studied Russian and came across Lenin's now-famous sentence: 'The road to Paris is through Peking.' He pondered, and realized what this meant. . . . Most everything he has done since has been intended to block that road to Paris." In one way or another, Knowland has used that quotation from Lenin in almost every foreign-policy speech he has given.

Ironically, it appears to be of dubious origin. The closest thing to it in Lenin's published utterances was his much more typically verbose assertion in 1923: "In the last analysis, the outcome of the struggle will be determined by the fact that Russia, India, and China, etc., constitute the overwhelming majority of the population of the globe. And it is precisely this majority of the population that during the past few years has been drawn into the struggle for its emancipation with extraordinary rapidity, so that in this respect there cannot be the slightest shadow of doubt what the final outcome of the world struggle will be. . . ."

Yet Knowland, whose keen interest in the Far East was heightened by a series of trips there after he became a Senator, has never seemed to take much interest in the nonmilitary aspects of the struggle for Asia. His exasperation, for example, at the vagaries of India—ranking alongside China in Lenin's listing—borders on outright hostility. "I do not believe we have the resources in this country to support simultaneously a system of collective defense and a system of neutralism," he told an interviewer.

THEN WHAT course of action would the Senator really welcome in the Far East? In the abstract, his philosophy is heavily weighted with admonitions about the Communist leopard not changing its spots and the United States not behaving like a paper tiger. Of Formosa, he asks with some sarcasm, what United Nations mouse will bell the Generalissimo's cat?

When it comes to specific situations he is obviously prepared to venture far. A number of times he has urged a military blockade of Red China, knowing full well that the National Security Council had rejected such a venture. Three times in 1954 he demanded that the United States break off diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, once releasing the text of his telegram to the President before Eisenhower had a chance to read it—an act of discourtesy that was considered blatant in Washington. During the Senate debate on the Formosa Resolution, Knowland advanced the thesis that a Red Chinese attack on U.S. ships evacuating the National troops from the Tachens would constitute the act of aggression justifying reprisals against the mainland. More recently, he has ridiculed the Administration's position that the U.S. response to a Red assault on the offshore islands would be determined by our estimate of Communist intentions. "What nonsense is this?" Knowland demanded. "When the assault is under way, are we to inquire through the good offices of Mr. Hammarskjold, of Mao Tse-tung and Chou



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En-lai in Peiping as to whether their assault is only for possession of these outer ramparts?"

Knowland once remarked cryptically, when queried about the possible consequences of his policy, "No responsible person should advocate a policy unless he recognizes that there might be certain actions." He denies vehemently, however, that war would be the likely outcome of his policy. About the nature of the showdown between East and West he declines to speculate. "Certainly I do not believe that the free world is the only one to experience stresses and strains," he declared recently in answer to my question on this subject. It is a theme I have never seen developed in his speeches, which clang with unceasing alarums about Communist aggression in Asia plotted by Kremlin cunning. Knowland acts as if he thinks that all of Asia's problems would be solved if we over here in America would only start getting tough.

### The Presidential Bug

Like Taft, Knowland played an ambiguous role in the spectacle staged by the right-wing extremists who made charges of treason a substitute for responsible opposition to the Truman Administration. Because of his concern with the Far East he joined unsparingly in the attack against the State Department of Dean Acheson. But he engaged in personalities only in a rather indirect way, suggesting, for example, that it would have been better to take General MacArthur to Yalta than to take Alger Hiss. Unlike Taft, Knowland did not publicly condone, though he also never publicly condemned, the actions of Joseph McCarthy.

Early in 1953, during the fight over the nomination of Charles E. Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia, Knowland displayed some revulsion against McCarthyism. The question at issue was whether three senior Foreign Service officers had in fact recommended Bohlen for the post, as Secretary Dulles testified they had—whether, that is, Dulles had told the Senators a flat lie. Knowland, acting as floor leader for the ailing Taft, gravely announced that the Secretary had given to him, in confidence, a classified document that proved his assertion. McCarthy rose and demanded that Senator Everett M. Dirksen, his partner in the attack on Bohlen, be allowed to examine the document. Knowland flushed beet red and refused. "When a letter comes to the Senate from the Department of State, I do not want to have to call in a handwriting expert to determine whether a forgery has been committed. . . . God help us if that is the basis upon which we have to operate!" he bellowed.

But the compulsions to keep his peace with McCarthy and the rest were evidently stronger than his sense of outrage. Knowland maintained his silence while McCarthy conducted his forays against the new Administration. When the decision was taken to appoint a committee to investigate censure charges against McCarthy, Knowland selected the Republican members and stated, "Personally, I would be willing to go on trial for my life before the group as a whole or before any individual member. . ." Four months later, on the day before the overwhelming censure vote against McCarthy, Senator Knowland announced solemnly that after "prayerful consideration" he had concluded, ". . . I do not believe the Senate should now, in an ex post facto sort of way, adopt a resolution of censure. . .

"Mr. President," he argued against the verdict of a committee he had helped appoint, "are we to have no statute of limitations at all?" A Senator who knows Knowland as intimately as any remarked later, "Right then I knew he had the Presidential bug."

TAFT, the dominant leader in Congress of a party that had grown inured to being in perennial opposition, died before he could demonstrate conclusively whether he would measure up to his party's new responsibilities. Knowland, who has brought to the Senate the same humorless qualities of leadership, has come more and more to take on a Taftian role. He has the same belief in rudimentary logic as the highest order of intelligence and in steadfast commitment to a cause, even a dying one, as the finest sort of statesmanship.

Like Taft, he has regarded the bid for the Presidency as an occasion for moving more to the right than to the center. Like Taft, he has become preoccupied with winning hard-core Republican support to the exclusion of the liberal Republican and independent groups who are vital to Republican victory. Like Taft, he has made it easy for more nimble party figures to move in on his left and occupy more favorable positions in the political spectrum. Richard Nixon, whom Governor Earl Warren refused flatly to endorse in his Senatorial bid, has become a great moderate as compared to William Knowland, Warren's hand-picked Senator.

Like Taft, Knowland has an element of stiff, unyielding integrity, which gives him a certain attractiveness as a political leader. (*Human Events* has labeled him "Mr. Integrity" in the tradition of Taft's "Mr. Republican.") More than most members of Congress he is motivated by a strong sense of what he believes is right. But he states his beliefs in harsh, categorical terms rather than in terms that persuade, as a successful politician must do. For those who disagree with him, he is an honorable but not particularly effective opponent.

In a perceptive article written after Knowland had taken over as Republican Floor Leader, Mrs. Knowland commented that her husband needed to learn the technique of compromise. Though he has struggled manfully with the grueling chores of that job, he has still failed to attain the kind of leadership that brings diverse factions together. He it still better qualified as leader of a faction than of a party, much less of the nation.

With Taft, one senses that at a different, earlier time he might have achieved his ultimate ambition. With Knowland—despite his honesty, his deep convictions, and his driving energies—one has no such feelings. It seems unlikely that Knowland could have become President of the United States no matter when he was born.



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# *The Due Processing Of Harry Bridges*

**PAUL JACOBS**

"IT'S NOT an abuse of due process that I'm suffering from," Harry Bridges told one of his attorneys just before his most recent trial. "What I'm suffering from is an excess of due process! I've got due process coming out of my ears."

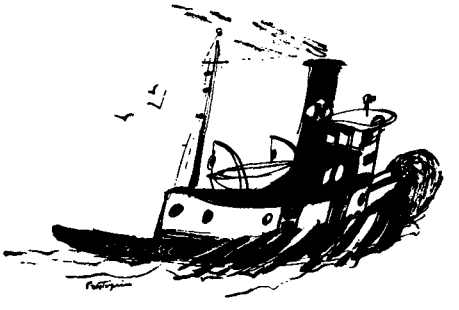
"Due process" for the leader of the West Coast's International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (ILWU) has included, since 1934, innumerable investigations conducted by the FBI, the Department of Labor, and the U.S. Immigration Service; two special Congressional hearings; the introduction of two Congressional bills, one of which passed, directed specifically at expediting his deportation; two lengthy administrative hearings before special examiners; one criminal trial before a jury; one civil trial before a judge alone; at least nine lower, circuit, and appellate courts' decisions; one Immigration Appeals Board review; one Attorney General's ruling; and two U.S. Supreme Court edicts.

A BRIDGES CASE has been before some court in fourteen of the nearly eighteen years since the first deportation warrant was issued against him. Twice, Federal agencies sought to deport Bridges as an alien, (Bridges came to this country in 1920 from Australia.) Then, after having granted him citizenship during the war, the government accused him of perjury and made two attempts to take that citizenship away. The first and fourth government cases were lost for lack of evidence, and the second and third because some violation of due process destroyed the government suits.

But maybe this almost interminable conflict between the United States government and Harry Renton Bridges has finally ended. The Attorney General failed to appeal, by last October 3, a July decision that acquitted Bridges, and thus tacitly acknowledged the government's latest failure.

### The Tortuous Red Line

The reason for this mountain of litigation is, of course, Bridges's relationship to the Communist Party. From the beginning of his career as union leader on the docks in San Francisco in the early 1930's, Bridges has followed the party line through all its tortuous turnings. His support of Roosevelt during the period of the "People's Front" changed overnight to the anti-Roosevelt, isolationist position adopted by the Communists after the Nazi-Soviet pact. Then he flipped back again when the Soviet Union was attacked by Germany. Literally overnight, Bridges shifted from statements like "No worker has anything to gain by the entrance of the U.S. into the war under any conditions" to urging, months before Pearl Harbor, that the labor movement pass resolutions asking a declaration of war against Hitler. When war came, Bridges,



then CIO regional director, supported it so vigorously that he told one CIO group: "To put it bluntly, I mean your unions of today must become instruments of speed-up of the working people of America."

In 1943 he was booed off a San Pedro platform by members of his own union for urging that the sackloads of cement carried on the longshoremen's lift be doubled. Union members who protested the speed-up were denounced as "fifth columnists" or "Hitler's agents." A famous California civil-rights attorney, A. L. Wirin, who represented many CIO unions and councils, was described as an agent of Hirohito and was fired, with Bridges's knowledge and approval, because he opposed the evacuation of the Japanese from the West Coast when the Communist Party was supporting it.

BUT FOLLOWING the party line is not in itself a crime. In order to accomplish Bridges's deportation, the government, by its own admission, could not "point the evidence toward anything less than membership in the Communist Party." This has meant that the government has tried to prove that Bridges matched its own rather rigid image of a Communist Party member—a dues-paying, card-carrying, totally committed, unquestioning agent of Moscow. Mere attendance at a party meeting or simply following the party line was not sufficient evidence of party membership to warrant deportation. The government had to show that he paid dues, was recorded as a member, and really was a committed servant of the party. In Bridges's case it wasn't that simple.

The relationship between Harry Bridges and the Communist Party was not one in which the party gave orders and Bridges mechanically obeyed. Rather, the party generally found it necessary to "handle" Bridges, sometimes wheedling, sometimes cajoling, always feeding his ego. The arrangement between Bridges and the party was something undreamed of in the government's philosophy, a *quid pro quo* working alliance. Bridges had party members to help him organize, build, and control the ILWU; the party, with Bridges as CIO regional director, was in an excellent position to control state and local CIO councils. Bridges gave the front organizations a kind of status they would not otherwise have had. It has been a handy setup on both sides.

THE GOVERNMENT has proceeded in this unusual case in a routine and rather wooden way. First, in each trial it established that Communists were committed to the violent overthrow, etc., etc. Then it proceeded to examine the party's operation in the



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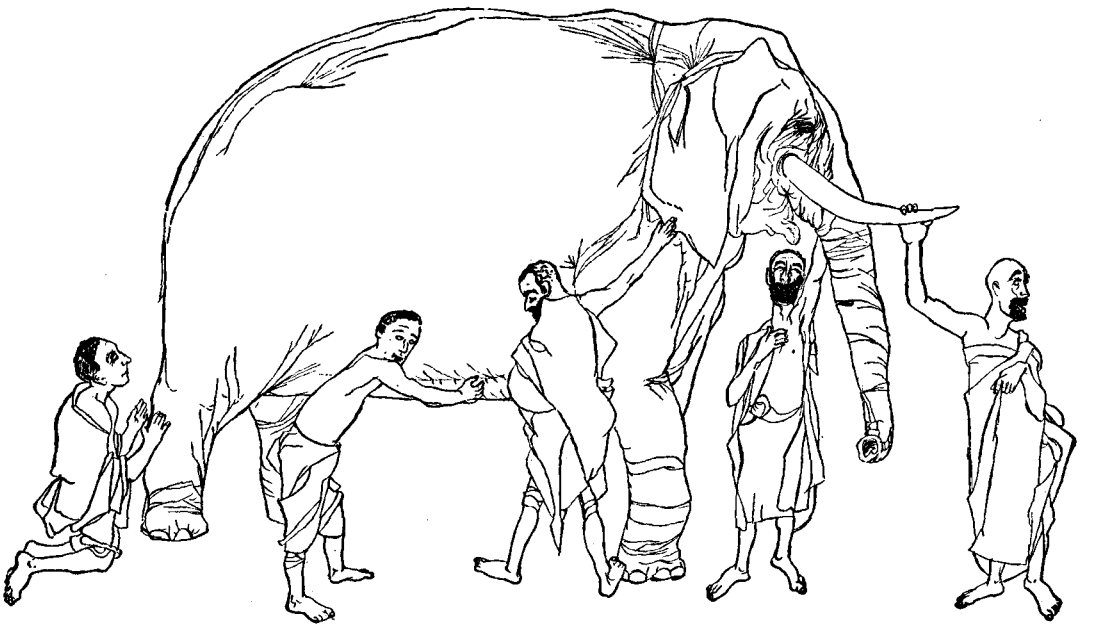

THE BLIND MAN who touched the elephant's head said "An elephant is like a water pot." The one who felt his ears said "like a basket." Another fingered the tusks and said "An elephant is like a plow." Feeling the legs, a fourth said "like a post." And the blind man who touched the elephant's belly asserted "An elephant is like a granary."

It's the same way with the news. You touch a part and you think "This is how it is"—*but you may be wrong.* Even when you understand one or more parts of the news perfectly, you may still put the parts together incorrectly, you may still base an inexact over-all picture on them. To get the whole truth, you have to get the whole story.

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labor movement in a thoroughly unsophisticated manner.

It called some of its traveling panel of "expert" witnesses on Communism, and from their testimony one would get a picture of every Communist in the labor movement spending all his time loudly preaching armed revolution to his fellow union members. The government attorneys were usually satisfied with the simplest answers to the naïve questions directed at these "experts," and the variety and subtlety of Communist activity was never brought out.

Little explanation was ever given by government witnesses of the advantage the Communists in the labor movement took of legitimate grievances. There was little presentation of the Communists' skill in controling a union for its name, its jobs, its influence in national labor circles, and its attractiveness to liberals. The fact that some party-dominated unions have concentrated much more on "pork-chop" issues than on political questions, especially on the local level, was largely ignored in the trials. Similarly forgotten in the last two trials was the war period when the needs of the Soviet Union required that the Communist Party and its captive unions become the strongest supporters of American capitalism and the war effort. Instead, from the testimony of the government witnesses emerged a shadowy impression of totally dedicated Bolshevik longshoremen whose meetings were devoted solely to discussions of revolutionary tactics.

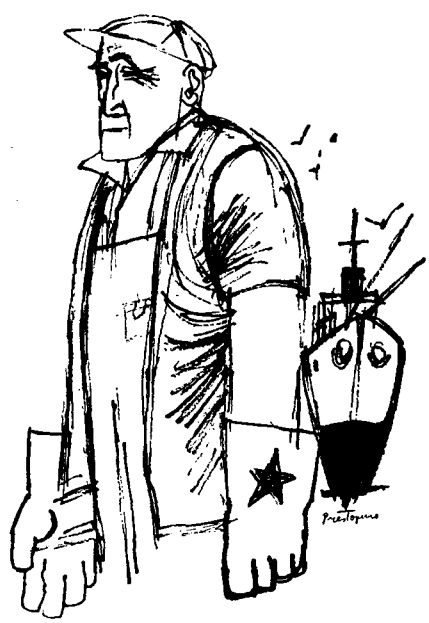
### The Fitness of Witnesses

In one way the naïveté of the government's case is a cause for rejoicing, for it shows that we are not geared to the carrying out of political trials. Fortunately we lack some of the necessary accouterments of such trials, such as a trained staff of political prosecutors, skilled in exploring the byways of theoretical deviations.

But the government's unrelenting effort to press its primitive image of the Communist onto Bridges raises questions. There is the matter, for example, of how many times a man should be made to stand trial for the same offense. Since 1939, when Bridges was first acquitted of the charge that he was a Communist Party member, he has been tried three more times on accusations that all revolved around the same central issue. Also, there is the question of the kind of witnesses the government was finally willing to use.

The government has always been forced to rely upon witnesses to try to prove that Bridges really did join the Communist Party and pay his dues, and toward the end of the series it was scraping the bottom of the barrel. The obvious personal bias and animus of many anti-Bridges witnesses had destroyed much of their credibility. After Bridges was acquitted in his first hearing, none of the thirty-two witnesses was used again in the second hearing.

The verdict in the second hearing was based upon the testimony of only two of the government's thirty-three witnesses, and the two



were cut to one by higher courts. An entirely new crew of witnesses was found for the 1949 trials. The new team itself was not perfectly satisfactory, in spite of the "guilty" verdict returned by the jury. One member admitted perjury during the trial itself, while two others were exposed as perjurors at a later date. By 1955, the perjury exposures and the public opprobrium attached to appearing in the trials cut the number of witnesses still further. The prosecution had a paucity of working materials.

### Expulsion from the CIO

No such problems existed when it was the CIO, instead of the government, that had Bridges on trial. For three days beginning May 17, 1950, in the board room of the CIO Building in Washington, D. C., the ILWU defended itself before a committee of CIO officials. The charge against Bridges's union was that its policies were "consistently directed toward the achievement of the program and the purposes of the Communist Party rather than the objectives and policies set forth in the constitution of the CIO." The CIO trial concentrated first on documentary proof of the rather easily demonstrated fact that the ILWU, under Bridges's leadership, had followed "without deviation" the Communist Party line. Then two witnesses, both high CIO officials, testified that they were present with Bridges at meetings where Communist Party officials explained changes in the party line to union leaders. Another witness discussed the positions actually taken by Bridges within the CIO executive board, positions that never varied from those advocated by the party.

The testimony of these witnesses, together with an enormous number of documents submitted, resulted in the committee's recommendation that the ILWU be expelled from the CIO. The question of Bridges's party membership, essential to the deportation proceedings, was never raised by the CIO and only came into the proceedings during Bridges's cross-examination of a CIO witness. After insistent questioning by Bridges, Hedley Stone, an ex-party member and official of the National Maritime Union, finally stated his belief that Bridges was a party member.

Today, as a result of his expulsion from the CIO, Bridges is isolated from most of the American labor movement. He finds his allies among the East Coast waterfront unions and the West Coast waterfront employers, who, in the interests of "expediency," have co-operated with Bridges since 1948.

### Strength from the Past

But expelling a man from the CIO, a voluntary organization, is one thing, and deporting him from the United States is quite another. The CIO



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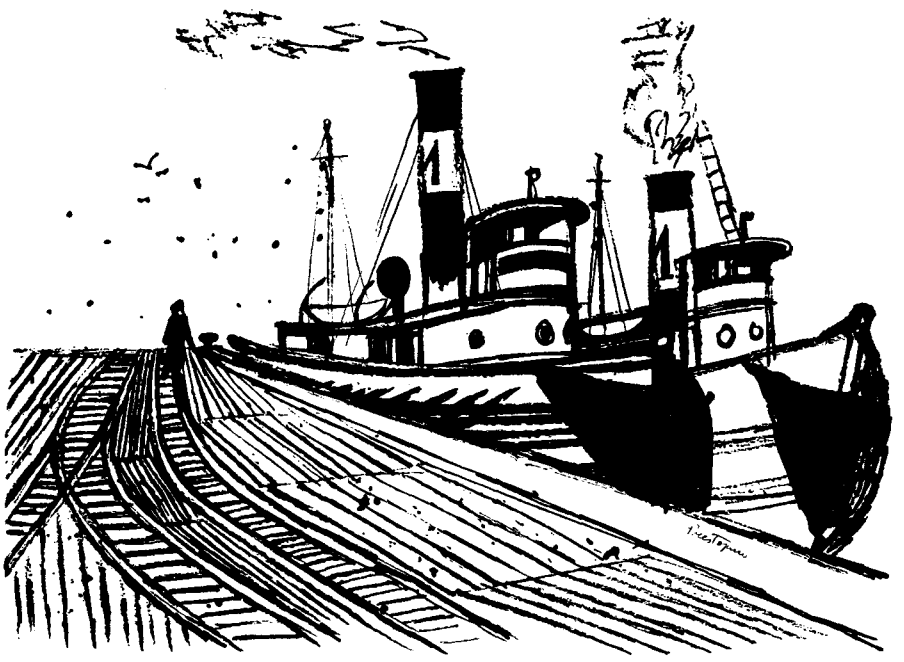
could look at the political record and, by convention vote, approve the expulsion. The government, necessarily, is more limited, and must deal not with political opinions but with the concrete fact of party membership. The prodigious effort to prove such membership in Bridges's case certainly increased his power by helping to make him a martyr.

To understand this, one must know the background of the San Francisco waterfront. Even though only a third or less of today's ILWU membership are longshoremen, the union and its leader are still identified with hard-bitten, rugged, and profane dock wallopers whose hand hooks hang down from the back pockets of their jeans as they descend into the cargo holds. And life on the 'front is still far from easy. The longshoremen get high pay, have good working conditions, and hire out by rotation from the union hall instead of by the corrupt shape-up, but they still get crushed in the 'tween-deck hold. Three-fingered hands are not at all uncommon, grasping heavy coffee mugs in the dockside cafés. In many ways, the character associated with today's ILWU was set by yesterday's waterfront conditions.

It was by his onslaught against those miserable conditions that Bridges first came into prominence in the San Francisco general strike of 1934. He gained much public sympathy for his successful efforts to erase corruption from the docks. During and following the 1934 strike, the employers' attempt to characterize Bridges as a Communist met with almost total disbelief in most of the community. The government's apparent joining of forces with the anti-union employers as it attempted to deport Bridges built up for him an accretion of support.

The attacks upon him by the employers—until 1948—and the continual government prosecutions have placed him in an almost sacrosanct position within the ILWU and in some liberal circles outside the union. To attack Bridges is to run the risk of being linked with the employers and government in an effort to smash the union. Charges leveled, even by union members, against Bridges are described as "in reality against the union itself." Any attempts to build anti-Bridges cau-



cuses are attacked as attempting to "split our union, divide our membership, create confusion and eventually wreck our Union and our Hiring Hall."

THE NAME of Bridges is fully identified with that of the union. He and his supporters control the ILWU's staff, newspaper, and organizers, all three reflecting only the leadership's position. Since, as in every union, newly organized groups tend to give their allegiance to the people directly responsible for bettering their conditions, Bridges's greatest strength is not in the older ILWU locals but in recently organized groups.

Control is kept in the hands of a well-organized, articulate group of Bridges's supporters. Some results of that control are indicated by the fact that the ILWU conducts practically no internal educational program for its members, except for what a few locals may do on their own intiative, and by the fact that Bridges has tolerated an all-white longshore local in Portland. In this latter case, it seems clear that Bridges is more concerned with maintaining his organizational control than with tackling a question of principle that might result in a local union leaving the ILWU. But Bridges fully understands that there are limits beyond which he cannot manipulate his membership. These limits are more and more narrowly set by the increasing middle-class ideology of the members.

It is still possible for Bridges to call a one-day stoppage as a protest against a Red-hunting Congressional committee, because the membership is convinced that such committees are covertly attempting to smash the ILWU. But it was not possible, and Bridges never attempted, to stop shipments of war materials to Korea. Bridges understands, better than does the government, that his membership can be bossed only up to a point.

PERHAPS it's just as well that the government's long effort to deport him has finally been dropped. There is now a greater possibility that the assorted longshoremen, warehousemen, and pineapple workers of the ILWU will judge Bridges without any of the extra sympathy extended to one who is persecuted. At long last, Bridges will not be in any government courtroom, and will have to stand before his union membership solely on his record. But the government's citing of the United Electrical and the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' unions as Communist-infiltrated organizations under the Communist Control Act of 1954 may presage a similar move against the ILWU. If so, another case involving Bridges will be added to the already huge heap of legal documents concerning him.



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# *Mr. Horowitz*

**A Short Story**

**VICTOR CHAPIN**

EIGHT PERFORMANCES a week for twenty-seven weeks I had opened a door, walked on the stage of the Athenaeum Theatre in New York during the third act of *Company's Coming,* and said one line:

"Mr. Horowitz is waiting to see see you, Mr. Spence."

That was all of my part. I also understudied the actor who played Spence, but he had never been ill and I had yet to go on for him. His name was Harry Harker. He was a fairly successful actor, well known in the profession and hardly ever out of work, but not a name so far as the public was concerned. He was a dapper, hawk-faced man of forty who brought an impressive air of elegance to every part he played. None of the other members of the company liked him, for he was politely but firmly remote, a known snob who was interested only in attention from Dolly Underhill, the star, who was at this time at the height of her fame, in the full bloom of her beauty, and in the most complete possession of her famous wit. There was no more attractive woman in the theater than Dolly Underhill and she was certainly the most delightful comedienne of her time. Harker could not be blamed for trying to impress her. But after six months his efforts to do so had been conspicuously unsuccessful, and his seeming refusal to acknowledge this fact had become something of a joke among the other members of the cast.

ONCE A WEEK we had understudy rehearsal in the afternoon and I sat behind the desk in the third act and watched another actor come on to announce Mr. Horowitz. Then I got up from the desk, held out my hand to Mr. Horowitz, and rehearsed Harry Harker's scene.

Since Harry Harker was in turn understudy to the leading man, an actor who was also never ill, he was always sitting out in the house watching while I went through his part. This had made me feel very uncomfortable at first, but after so many weeks of it I had become indifferent. I was expected to play the part exactly as Harker played it, but being inexperienced and years younger than he was, I could not help being somewhat different.

There was one piece of business I had always thought should be in the part that for some reason was not, and one day in rehearsal I inadvertently put it in. It involved a

paperweight. I had always thought that by picking this object up and putting it down again at a certain point, you would get a laugh, and when I did it then in rehearsal the actors sitting out front did laugh.

"What did you do?" the stage manager demanded. "That isn't in the script."

"Sorry," I said meekly. "I did it unconsciously."

"Unconsciously?" The stage manager looked up from his promptbook and stared at me. "We aren't interested in your unconscious," he said. "We don't want your interpretation of the part. Just do what Harker does."

"Yes, sir," I said. "It won't happen again."

But that night Harker got the extra laugh by picking up the paperweight, and at all subsequent performances he kept the business in. At the next understudy rehearsal, when I came to the place in the scene where it occurred, I was at a loss to know whether or not to do it. I decided not to, since I had been reprimanded for doing it the week before. As I passed the place without doing the business, the stage manager tapped on his desk with his ruler.

"Paperweight," he said.

I opened my mouth to protest, but remembering that Harker was out front, closed it again. There was a tittering in the ranks of spectators, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that the incident had not been unnoticed.

THAT EVENING before the third act, Harker, who had never said anything to me beyond a pleasant good evening the entire time we had worked together, came and stood beside me in the wings.

"I watched you this afternoon," he said, as if I did not know he had been watching me at every understudy rehearsal for six months, "You're very good, really. If you ever go on, I'll probably lose my job." He laughed a dry, polite laugh and pulled his cuffs down over his wrists.

"I'll never be as good as you are, I'm afraid," I said, hoping flattery would put him at his ease, for I was certain he had spoken to me only because he was self-conscious about the paperweight business.

"Your voice is light," he said, looking at me without expression, rather like a doctor, I thought, looking at someone who could not possibly have an interesting disease. "But it *is* a voice that carries well, which is the important thing. You should try to sharpen it."

"How do you do that?" I asked.

"I can't say. I really don't know." He tugged at his cuffs and laughed dryly again. "I guess you have to think it. You have to think that way."

"Sharply?"

"Yes, sharply. Can you think sharply?"

"I can try. . . ."

I did try, and perhaps I succeeded,



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but if it was evident at later rehearsals Harker did not say so. He did not speak to me in the wings again.

NATURALLY I disliked him. Every actor dislikes the actor he is understudying, unless that actor makes extraordinary attempts to win him, and Harker had certainly made no such attempts with me. But my dislike for him did not prevent my admiring his acting or being curious about him. He did not seem to be any less friendly to me than to everyone else in the cast. I never saw him visit in other dressing rooms before or after the performance, and he didn't stand chatting in the wings or in the alley outside the stage door as other actors did. But he did stand by Dolly Underhill's dressing room and wait for her to come out. Night after night he was there, and when she emerged he came forward and spoke to her. We could tell as we watched that Dolly snubbed him every time, as she had snubbed us all at one time or another, brightly, gaily, always with wit.

But unlike the rest of us, Harker refused to be snubbed by her. Every time one of her cutting witticisms was meant to embarrass or discourage him, he laughed heartily, as if he did not know it had been meant for him; and Dolly, who could do more with a raised eyebrow or a fluttering handkerchief than any other actress in the world, expressed her amazement and contempt so eloquently that all of us who were watching from a distance of many feet were in no doubt about her sentiments. None of us had reason to prefer Dolly Underhill to Harry Harker, but her unkindness was so amusing and his sycophancy so obvious that we could not help laughing at his expense.

I MIGHT never have known Harker better or played his part for a single performance or been spoken to familiarly by Dolly Underhill if I had not, on an impulse, gone alone to the Metropolitan Museum one afternoon.

As I went through the revolving doors and started for the stairs, I met Harker coming out of the cloakroom. I smiled tentatively, so as to be able to stop smiling quickly should he prefer not to see me. But much to my surprise he greeted me cordially, almost gladly I thought, and fell into step beside me.

"What are you going to look at?" he asked as we climbed the stairs.

"I was just going to look around," I said.

"Would you like me to show you some Italian pictures?"

If his voice had not been so surprisingly eager, I might have resented his blithe assumption that I needed to have the pictures shown to me, but as it was, I was so pleased with this attention from him and so

intrigued by his complete change in manner that I nodded enthusiastically and went with him.

He stopped before Tintoretto's "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," a picture I had never thought important, and looked at it with such love and spoke of it with such passionate fervor that I stared at it fascinated.

Soon I began to think I saw the picture as he saw it, and it seemed to me suddenly a masterpiece of sophisticated art, a great complex poem to worldliness that was religious only by courtesy of convention, but rich and beautiful and noble, too, by right of craftsmanship if not by aspiration.

THEN he took me to a corner of the gallery to stand before a Renaissance portrait. It had been painted with almost photographic realism. The glaze on the canvas was thick and clear so that every detail stood out, the subject's clothes looked new, her jewels unbelievably real. She had been painted with a strong, sculptured line so that she appeared to be not real so much as super-real, larger than life.

"I love this," Harker said. "I love it intensely. And I love that woman. She is my goddess."

He had taken me past Botticelli, Mantegna, Fra Angelico, and other great masters to look at this strong but hardly overpowering portrait by a minor artist. Staring at it, I thought I understood why.

"It's sharp," I said.

"What?" Harker asked.

"Sharp. You remember telling me I should make my voice sharper and that the way to do it was to think more sharply?"

"Yes, I remember. Quite right." He laughed and nodded approvingly. "Exactly. This artist is sharp. Very, very sharp."

Just then, as we were turning away from the portrait, there was a whirl of laughter in the room, and a wave of perfume and a rustling of expensive cloth. We looked down the gallery and saw to our astonishment that Dolly Underhill was coming toward us.

SHE DID NOT seem to see us and would undoubtedly have swept past us if her escort, a handsome, well-dressed man somewhat younger than she, had not stopped to point out the portrait.

"This is a beauty," he said.

Dolly stopped to look at the picture. She did not pause to study it but looked on past it to us.

I remained frozen where I stood, unable, for some reason, either to bow, smile, or speak. But Harker was not at a loss. He bowed and, with the air of a magician about to reveal a wonder, pointed to the portrait.

"This is utterly fantastic, Miss Underhill," he said. "It's necromancy, utter necromancy! I invoked you, and here you are! You see, I was just telling our young friend here how much the lady in this wonderful portrait looks like you."

"Me? Really?"

The great star smiled, reached in her bag, produced a jewel-studded lorgnette and held it up before her eyes. She leaned forward and examined the portrait carefully.

"Why," she said, "I do believe it does."

It did look like Dolly Underhill, I realized, quite amazingly like her. It was strange that I should not have noticed it until now. I wondered if Harker had only noticed it himself when Dolly appeared or if he had been aware of the resemblance for some time.

"I'm flattered, Mr. Harker," Dol-



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ly said sweetly, turning to him. "How clever of you to find this picture."

Harker's expression contracted and then expanded with pleasure until it became one of such intense satisfaction that I felt embarrassed at having seen it.

"I wonder if I could have someone copy that dress for me," Dolly said. "That green is completely me." She turned to her escort. "What do you think, darling?" she asked. "*Does* she look like me?"

"*Very* much," he answered. He looked confused and embarrassed and took her arm now to lead her away. "Come along," he said softly.

"But I want to study her," Dolly protested archly. "Can we get a reproduction of this picture somewhere, do you think? Then I could give it to Valentina. . ."

"I'll get one for you, Miss Underhill," Harker said quickly. "I'll bring it to the theater."

"Oh thank you," Dolly turned from her escort and looked at Harker again. She had not introduced her escort and, it was evident, had no intention of doing so. "I've always hated costume plays," she said. "But this picture has given me an idea."

"Portia!" Harker cried eagerly. "Portia in this period."

"Portia?" Dolly looked puzzled. "Do you mean *The Merchant of Venice?*"

"Yes, you would be heavenly in it."

"Would I?" Dolly seemed to contemplate the idea, but cautiously, as if she knew there was danger in it. "But it's Shylock's play, isn't it?"

"Oh no," Harker said. "Not if the Portia is good. Not if it was *you.*"

"I don't know, Mr. Harker," Dolly said, shaking her head. "Those Yiddish actors are always so good. Such scene stealers. I wouldn't have a chance."

"No one ever steals a scene from you, Miss Underhill."

"How sweet." Smiling her fairest of smiles, Dolly put her hand on her escort's arm. "What are you going to show me now, darling?" she asked.

HER ESCORT did not respond. He was unaccountably staring at Harker.

"What is it you're staring at?" Dolly demanded. "Mr. Harker is not a monkey in the zoo."

"I know you," the escort said suddenly, holding out his hand to Harker. "Aren't you Harry Horowitz?"

Stiffening, Harker looked down at the extended hand. His mouth opened and shut again convulsively several times.

"It fascinated me when I saw the play," the escort continued. "I *knew* I knew you, but your name meant nothing. Don't you remember? We were in school together."

"Yes, of course," Harker answered. "I remember. But I'm sorry, I don't remember your name. . ."

"Felix Dewey," Dolly said unexpectedly. "His name is Felix Dewey."

"Yes, yes, of course," Harker said dully. "Felix Dewey. You were president of the class. And you were on one of the teams."

"Track," Dewey said. "Well, well, what do you know? Good old Harry Horowitz."

"If good old Harry Horowitz will excuse us," Dolly said brightly, "I think we'd better run along."

"But we've only just met. And it's been years," Dewey said.

"We really don't have time for old home week, Felix. You got me up here to teach me about art, so don't you think it's time I started learning?" Dolly nodded to us and turned to go. Dewey started to follow her, but then he came back to shake hands again with Harker.

"Good-by, Harry," he said. "Nice to have seen you."

When they were gone, I did not look at Harker, but leaned toward the portrait to examine it closely. "It's Dolly, all right," I said. "Amazing resemblance; why didn't I see it before?"

Harker was gone when I looked away from the portrait.

THAT EVENING when I arrived at the theater the stage manager was waiting for me in the alley outside the stage door.

"God, I thought you'd never get here!" he said.

"But it's only just eight. What's the matter?"

"You're going on," he said.

"What?"

"Harker's sick."

"Sick?"

"Yes, someone just phoned for him. How do you like that. Waits until almost eight o'clock to tell us. Now we can't rehearse you."

"I've rehearsed," I said faintly, "every week for six months."

"Well, I hope you can do it."

"Don't you think I can?" I was amazed to feel so frightened.

"Yes, of course you can do it."

Of course I could. I knew it. But my knees were shaking so that I feared I could not walk. My arms seemed ten feet long and my feet felt as if each of them weighed a hundred pounds.

I had to live through the suspense of two acts before I went on. I sat in my dressing room and all the members of the cast came by to wish me luck. All except Dolly Underhill, with whom I had to play a scene later in the act. I was glad Dolly did not come to speak to me, for I dreaded what she might have to say about Harker's missing this performance. I could not stop thinking about him and wondering if the scene before the portrait in the museum that afternoon had made him actively ill, or if he was staying away from the theater tonight because of a pride that was greater than the actor's pride which forces him to go on no matter what has happened to him. I wondered how he would be able to come back at all if he could not come tonight, and tried to imagine how he would behave when, finally, he did come. But thinking about Harker made me so nervous that I began to feel I would become ill myself, and I tried to put all thought of him out of my mind.

When the third act was called and I was in my place behind Harker's desk, I said his first lines over to myself and then came to the ones he said after the door opened and I came in to say my line.

The actor who would be me would go off and then I would rise as Harker did to greet the actor coming on.

"How do you do, Mr. Horowitz?"

Horowitz. How many times had Harry Harker looked up into a face



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that might have been his own and said, "How do you do, Mr. Horowitz?"

My knees weakened again. I was sweating. All at once I felt that I was Harker. There was a real pain in my chest. I picked up the paperweight and slapped it sharply on the desk. Sharply. . . . Yes, I thought, I am sharp. . . I am thinking sharply.

THE CURTAIN went up and the footlights blazed at me. They burned my face, but I was grateful for the haze they gave off that separated me from the people beyond them. I spoke.

It seemed that my voice was very faint and far away. But the first line I said that was supposed to get a laugh got it, and the feeling of power that always sweeps over an actor when he has succeeded in making an audience laugh banished my weakness.

Then the actor who was me came on and said, "Mr. Horowitz is waiting to see you, Mr. Spence."

Horowitz.

I am sharp, I said to myself. I am Horowitz. . . .

I rose to my feet and held out my hand as the actor who was Horowitz came toward me.

"How do you do, Mr. Harker?" I said.

The actor facing me looked startled as only an actor can when something goes wrong after hundreds of routine performances. "Horowitz," he corrected sharply. He almost shouted.

"Yes, of course," I said quickly. "Mr. Horowitz. I'm so sorry." It was only then that I realized what I had said. Horrified, I sat down abruptly, two lines before I was supposed to.

When it came time to do the paperweight business, I raised it from the desk with relief, for this business was mine, my original contribution to the part, and when the laugh for it came, I felt rewarded as I did not at any other time during the performance.

Dolly Underhill's entrance made me feel weak again. I had never been on stage with her before. I had always rehearsed with a stand-in. But when she came on she smiled at me with special affability and threw me a witty, knowing look that reassured me. The scene seemed to go quite well, and I was feeling pleased with myself when it was time for me to make my exit with the actor playing Horowitz.

The leading man had come on and Dolly was standing beside him. I said my final line and the actor playing Horowitz said his.

"Good-by, Mr. Spence," Dolly said, her voice bubbling in its wonderful professional way. . . . "Good-by, Mr. Harker."

OFFSTAGE, in the wings, I stopped to mop my brow.

"What the hell is going on?" the stage manager asked. He grabbed my arm and shook it. "What's this funny business with names?"

"I don't know," I stammered.

"You started it."

"Yes."

"Miss Underhill seems to think it was funny. But I don't."

"It was a slip," I said.

"Yeah? Well, it isn't funny."

"No." I said. "It isn't funny."

The play was over. I went out to bow with the company, and to everyone's amazement Dolly reached for my hand across two other actors and pulled me forward for a bow with her alone.

"What do you know?" the stage manager said when I went to the

wings to watch Dolly's solo calls. "That from Dolly Underhill. What's the secret?"

"Damned if I know," I said.

The curtain fell for the last time and Dolly sailed from the stage straight into the wings where I was standing.

"Darling," she said. "I've never laughed so hard in all my life. It was delicious."

"What?" I asked stupidly, thinking for a moment that she was complimenting my performance.

" 'How do you do, Mr. Harker?' " She imitated my reading perfectly and then laughed, fully and completely, with her head thrown back and her hands slapping at her thighs. "Oh if I could just see Harker's face when he hears about it," she said when she had laughed herself out.

"My God!" I cried. "He mustn't hear about it."

"How can he help it? It's too delicious not to get around."

"But you wouldn't tell him?"

She looked at me curiously. It was the first and last time she ever looked at me to see who or what I was and what I might intend.

"He'd think I did it on purpose," I added.

"Didn't you?" Her lips unfurled in an insinuating smile.

"No," I said.

She didn't believe me.

"That would have been cruel," I said.

"Does anyone deserve it more?"

She was laughing again with her head cocked in one of its famous witty positions. "If you didn't do it on purpose," she asked, "then why did you do it?"

"I don't know," I answered miserably. "It just happened."

"Things like that don't just happen, darling. You can't be that stupid. Or are you?" She regarded me a moment more, and then with a flourish of her hand and a toss of her sleek, golden head she swept past me and on to her dressing room.

THE NEXT DAY was Saturday. We had a matinee. When I arrived at the theater I learned that Harker was there. I didn't see him until just before the third act, when he passed me without speaking on his way to the stage.

I dreaded my one line. Of course I would not say "Harker" this time, but there was the awful one-in-a-thousand chance that I might.

When my cue came, I opened the door and went on. Harker usually looked up. This time he didn't.

"Mr. Horowitz is waiting to see you, Mr. Spence."

Then Harker did look up. He waited two full beats before telling me to send Mr. Horowitz in, and from the look of unconditional hatred I received from him then, I knew that Dolly had told him what I had done.



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# The Case Of the Orange Orange

MARYA MANNES

For decades, the citrus growers down in Florida have been dyeing oranges orange so that people would buy them. And for quite a while the Pure Food and Drug Administration has been thinking of making them stop it. There is, they say, some poison in the dye.

Just the other day there was another flare-up on this question which ended with the PFD people telling the citrus growers that they could go on dyeing their oranges a little longer, or until sufficient tests were made to determine just how poisonous the dye was.

This postponement made the citrus people very happy. "No matter how much you tell the customer that an orange is ripe even if it's greenish outside, they won't buy it. We tried selling 'em ripe greenish oranges and they just didn't move at all. Besides, the dye's only on the peel, and who eats the peel except people at bars?"

Bear with me if I project this rather limited problem of the orange orange into other fields. I was talking shop with a fiction writer recently who had just sold a short story to a Canadian publication after the American mass weekly that normally bought her work had reluctantly turned it down. "It was quite a happy story," she said, "but there was a mention of death in it, and the editors said that their policy was not to present death to their readers in any form." And she added, "They paid me handsomely for it anyway, and told me I could sell it somewhere else, so I did."

### Young Lovers Only

This started us off quite naturally on taboos, the "hidden censorship" that we agreed existed to a fantastic degree in the mass-circulation media of the country. I told her of the short story I had almost sold to a women's magazine. The editors praised it highly, but wondered if I would make a few changes. In the story a man of thirty-five and a woman of twenty-nine were in love. Would I change their ages to, say, thirty for the man and twenty-four for the woman, as readers were not interested in love over thirty.

Secondly, the hero of my story was a Czech refugee who was teaching his particular branch of science in a Midwestern university. The editors would like me to make him a Midwestern American instead—possibly a doctor; they preferred not to have the romantic interest foreign. They also found that their readers might resent the idea of a foreigner taking over a job that an American might have. They said if I would do these things the story would be just right for them. . . .

There were other, more obvious taboos. Disparity in the ages of a couple in love was wholly undesirable. You might just conceivably mate a man of forty with a girl of twenty-five, but you'd have to think up some compellingly virtuous reasons. You could never, but never, write of a woman of forty in a happy relationship with a man of thirty-five. We agreed that *any* happy relationship, even in a short-short, had one resolution only: marriage. There was no such thing as a satisfying or rewarding "affair." As for divorced people, only a Big Name writer could make them palatable. And it was axiomatic that readers would not be interested in "stale" marriages, in marriages of affection without romantic love, or in unions of purely physical passion.

Another writer, a man, reminded us that in a mass-circulation magazine a girl could be attractive only in currently acceptable ways. You could make her nose short but not long; you could not make her teeth irregular; you certainly could not make her plump, however delightful she might be in other ways. You could not at any time question certain artificialities resulting from cosmetic means, or, on the other hand, praise a girl who dispensed with them.

The writer spoke of a story in which he had made an American husband married to a flawlessly groomed and narcissistic wife remember with urgent nostalgia the Italian girl he loved during the war in Rome—a girl described as animal, tousle-haired, warm and generous with herself. All references to her lack of grooming were removed, and the husband (in the end) was made to feel ashamed of his passion for her.

We agreed, from the pooling of our fictional experiences, that you could never speak ill of a doctor or a banker, although you could make a scientist, a writer, or a musician unsympathetic. If a woman had a career, she could not be happy in it, and would ultimately sacrifice it for split-level security. No mother could express relief at the absence of her children. No characters, in any story, could discuss abstract ideas or important current matters, with the exception of floods and hurricanes. The strongest taboo of all, we concurred, was against satire in any form. To be oblique was wholly impermissible.

"How can you keep on writing for the big magazines with all these gags and ties?" I asked the woman writer. "How do you, an honest person, manage to fit life into such patterns?"

She smiled. "Well, of course, I like the money. And then, really, I'm rather a romantic anyway. I like things to turn out well."

The man said, "I gave the big mags up. Or rather, they gave me up. The only uncensored fields left are the novel and the theater. I'll stick to those until editors stop processing life for the consumer."

### A Ton of Rind

"About this dye," said the citrus growers. "You'd have to eat about a ton of peel to have any effect from the poison."

How many issues of how many magazines are read by how many people every day?



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# *'The Most Dejected And Reluctant Convert'*

**GOUVERNEUR PAULDING**

SURPRISED BY JOY: THE SHAPE OF MY EARLY LIFE, by C. S. Lewis. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.*

Remembering the enormously self-assured *Screwtape Letters,* some people may fear that this account of how Mr. Lewis reached his Christian certainties will also be written with overcertainty. Such is not the case. This is not one of those unendurable conversion stories in which everyone is a fool—the author for taking so long to reach his "truth," all others for rejecting it. Mr. Lewis liked all his "wrong" thoughts and admired the men who shared them. When in his thirty-first year he came to admit the objective existence of God, fell on his knees and prayed, he was "perhaps, that night, the most dejected and reluctant convert in all England."

LEWIS, a North of Ireland boy, a Belfast boy, was not a black Protestant. The family was Church of Ireland, rather "High" at that, and so of course there are those who will think that his Oxford conversion, with the spires and the Gothic, was a return to the womb. Mr. Lewis disagrees. While still a schoolboy, he welcomed disbelief with an immense feeling of liberation, not from belief but from flagrant hypocrisy. There was never any nostalgia; there could be no return. When he was compelled to believe in God it was for the first time.

What happened to him after all? He had a fantastic education. First he was shipped off to England, where he felt intensely North of Ireland and alien. At a boarding school on its last legs—it had an insane headmaster and a dozen pupils—he was beaten, half starved, taught geometry and nothing else. Later he was sent to Wyvern, which is not the real name of a great English public school. Wyvern was supposed to turn him into a Normal Boy and it is not just the capital letters in Mr. Lewis's account that lend irony to Wyvern's aim. Coldly, he explains just what were the "bloods" who made up the school's leading class, the "punts" who were the school's pariahs, and the "tarts" who were precisely what their name implies. Games were compulsory since the bloods required an audience; "gallantry," not in the military sense but as referring to the prominent role played by the tarts, was the main subject of conversation. Also there was fagging. "For a reason which all English readers will understand . . . I am humiliated and embarrassed at having to record that as time went on I came to dislike the fagging system."

Happily the school failed to make Mr. Lewis into a Normal Boy. He says it made him an intellectual snob, and he piously hopes that in the years since he left it the school


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has changed. It should not be forgotten, however, that 1914 was approaching and that the "bloods" and even the "tarts" would soon be dying in Flanders.

### 'Appallingly Ignorant'

At Wyvern there was a master called Smewgy. "He first taught me the right sensuality of poetry, how it should be savored and mouthed in solitude. Of Milton's 'Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers' he said, 'That line made me happy for a week.' It was not the sort of thing I had heard anyone say before." Lewis managed to get himself withdrawn from Wyvern. He went to work with a private tutor to prepare for a scholarship at Oxford. It is here that the American reader is startled.

With his tutor he read Homer and "The Two Great Bores," Demosthenes and Cicero. Lucretius, Catullus, Tacitus, Herodotus, Virgil of course. Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus—all these in the original naturally. He also practiced Greek and Latin composition. Also, in the evening. French, German, Italian. *Faust* and the *Inferno*—in the original naturally. Plus English literature. When he went to Oxford for his examinations he considered himself appallingly ignorant, but University College elected him.

That was in 1916. He was eighteen. On his nineteenth birthday he was at the front. He does not tell much about the war; too many people have told about the war, he says, and what happened to him seems now as though it had happened to somebody else. He was wounded. He returned to Oxford in 1919. Ten years later he "admitted that God was God."

Unavoidably there are the technical passages in which he reasons out, in terms of philosophy and all the isms, what brought him to his knees. He has a gift for lucid exposition and these passages are neither difficult nor dull. But throughout all his recollections he is pursuing something else: What was it that caused him any anxiety at all, what disturbed his atheistic or at least agnostic peace?

He was not "searching for God." He was not concerned with personal immortality. He was not looking for something upon which to base a code of ethics. He was content with the world, not because he thought reality good—he thought it evil—but because he possessed immense imaginative resources with which to evade it. He was a happy man who could enjoy pleasure, in the full amoral sense of the word, without an aftermath of remorse. What started all this trouble—for he viewed it as the deepest trouble—about God?

### Beyond Pleasure

"Sudden stabs of joy" started it. Joy was not pleasure. Pleasure was a substitute for joy. One could attain pleasure. But with joy, "to have is to want and to want is to have. . . . All joy reminds. It is never a possession, always a desire for something longer ago or further away or still 'about to be.'" He struggles to define it. Perhaps joy is remembering Eden before the Fall, anticipating what Christians call Heaven, a sudden contact—time annihilated—with the timeless.

The instant one is aware of joy, joy is gone. Once experienced, it is something no man can agree not to pursue. But joy leads a chase. Joy is only the reflection of what is sought, a will-o'-the-wisp. Towering clouds, distant hills, pleasant valleys—and suddenly there is this stab of joy totally incommensurate with the immediate cause. One might as well take drugs. What one is after is the cause of joy. Mr. Lewis chased after joy through, of all things, Wagner's libretto for the *Ring*, which led him to acquire great erudition about what he called "Northernness"; humbly too he sought the cause of joy in his own imaginings. Pleasure responded, but not joy.

Man cannot create joy. To nothing in this world, to no thought, no fact, no beauty can these stabs of joy be rationally related. Yet the human heart is pierced by them as by light from the firmament.

And so? And so one is thrown back upon logic and all the old arguments about a First Cause. The arguments never work. They are not even supposed to work. When a man becomes a Christian he is obliged to admit that it is God who has done most of the work.



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# Book Notes

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE TIGER: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, JR. Edited, with an introduction, by Harold C. Syrett. *Lippincott. $6.*

The title is the editor's; the author was too much the gentleman to use it. Indeed, he was too much the gentleman throughout—a Henry Adams who did not shrink from public life. At the turn of the century, merely to be a Democrat was anomalous for a Northerner who did not resent being called an aristocrat, but young McClellan had inherited his politics from the father he adored, the general who crawled toward Richmond but ran against Lincoln. Always striving to vindicate "Little Mac's" memory and to add luster to the family name, Junior long followed the devious route laid out for him by Richard Croker and Charles F. Murphy of Tammany Hall—as president of New York City's Board of Aldermen (at twenty-seven!), for nine happy years in the House of Representatives, and finally, beginning in 1904, as mayor of New York. Then after his narrow re-election victory over Hearst he refused to appoint Murphy's slate of stooges as department heads. Unable to build up a rival machine, at forty-four McClellan was "a dead cock in the pit"—remembered now, if at all, as a Tammany stooge himself, an admirable front who could campaign in four languages and wear a top hat, as he did at the opening of the first subway, without looking as if he used it only at parades and funerals.

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THE NEW ASTRONOMY; THE PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY OF LIFE; FIRST BOOK OF ANIMALS; ATOMIC POWER; AUTOMATIC CONTROL—five paperback anthologies of articles from *Scientific American. Simon and Schuster. $1 each.*

For those of us who cherish a stay-at-home's fascination with the distant frontiers of science even though we never got beyond cutting up a frog in high school and frequently confused ergs with ohms even then, *Scientific American* is invaluable. That admirably edited magazine manages to present complicated technical material with clarity but without talking down to its readers. The editors have now prepared anthologies on five areas in which their coverage has been outstanding. The one entitled *Automatic Control* is certainly the most cogent description available of the mixed blessings of industrial automation, and the value of a popular introduction to *Atomic Power* needs no stressing.

But for the sheer fun of it, the favorite is bound to be the *First Book of Animals*—"a twentieth-century bestiary" as the editors style it. Here are the findings of the great arachnologist Alexander Petrunkevitch on the unexplained meekness of certain tarantulas in letting themselves be salted away as baby food by digger wasps. Did you know that sea lampreys, which found their way through the Welland Ship Canal, have now all but done away with commercial fishing in the Great Lakes by killing all the trout? If your ears prick up at titles like "The Home Life of the Swift," "The Curious Behavior of the Stickleback," "The Language of the Bees," and "Sonar in Bats," then here is your dish of tea.

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THE RENAISSANCE PHILOSOPHY OF MAN, selections from the writings of Petrarca, Valla, Ficino, Pico, Pomponazzi, and Vives. *$1.75.*

THEY WROTE ON CLAY: THE BABYLONIAN TABLETS SPEAK TODAY, by E. Chiera. *$1.*

THE CHILD AND THE CURRICULUM and THE SCHOOL AND SOCIETY, by John Dewey, in one volume, with an introduction by Leonard Carmichael. *$1.25.*

THE ROAD TO SERFDOM, by Friedrich A. Hayek. *$1.*

THE SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY OF GEORGE HERBERT MEAD, edited by Anselm Strauss. *$1.50.*

MAN AND THE STATE, by Jacques Maritain. *$1.25. University of Chicago Press.*

When the paperback boom started in this country a few years ago, lots of impecunious but erudite readers hopefully looked for the drugstores and newsstands along the Wabash to become like the bookstalls along the Seine, full of cheap paperback editions of good books. And there have been enough of them in those series at twenty-five cents (now mostly thirty-five cents or more) to permit careful collectors to build libraries that are respectable for their contents, if not for the art on the covers. But the good books were always hard to find in the flood of Mickey Spillane, and the paper often made the contents hard to read, and the titles tended more to established classics than to less well-known items. The cover, even if the book was by Faulkner, made it embarrassing to read the book on a public conveyance. But now a new and better wave of paper and backs has come in the Anchor, Vintage, and Beacon series. These are higher in price, but still reasonable, and they are well printed and there are many good titles.

The paperback business has worked its way up to solid stuff, and here, in the University of Chicago Press's new "Phoenix" series, is the solidest stuff yet. It smells of the University, but, come to think of it, that's not a bad smell.

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THE LAMB, by François Mauriac. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.*

Here is a tightly written tragedy, composed, like all Mauriac's books, to show that the Catholic faith is no restful haven for those who hold it. It is the story of a few days leading to the death of a saint, and since it is a Mauriac saint there is no joy whatever in the portrayal. The story is very simple: A husband and wife are unhappy; a child they have adopted is rejected by them and is unhappy; a village priest has lost his faith and is unhappy. They are unhappy because they have succumbed to the final sin, despair. Xavier—the saint, although of course Mauriac does not use the word—abandons his project to enter the priesthood in order to take upon himself their unhappiness, their despair. In strict parallelism to the Passion of Christ he is reviled and soiled by man's sin, suffers as Christ suffered in his body and in his soul, carries the cross and is nailed to it. With Xavier as with Christ the same mystery occurs: Soiled, he remains pure; defeated, he triumphs. In the Catholic tradition there are many mansions—room for Saint Francis, room for Saint Catherine of Siena, adviser to Popes and monarchs, room for Joan the soldier; room, too, for the desperate heroes of Mauriac's novels.



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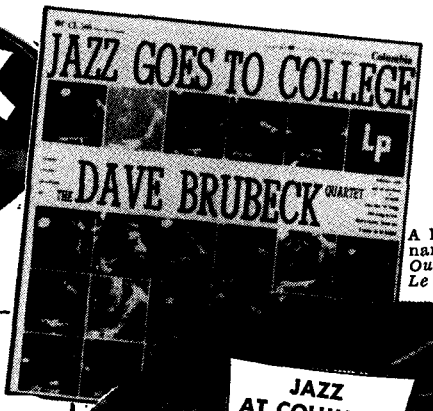

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We make this unique offer to introduce you to the money-saving Jazz Program of the Columbia (Lp) Record Club...an exciting new program that brings you each month the finest recorded performances of the greatest jazz immortals.

Whether you go for jazz that is "cool" or "hot", Dixieland or Chicago style, swing or progressive — whether you prefer big bands or little groups — the Columbia (Lp) Record Club offers you the greatest of them all — from the world's largest library of jazz—and at tremendous savings too!

### HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

Each month you will receive, free, the colorful Club Magazine which describes and analyzes a carefully selected 12" high fidelity Columbia (Lp) Jazz recording — plus an alternate choice. You may accept the current selection or alternate record, or tell the Club to send you NO record for any given month. The records you do accept are mailed to your home and billed to you at the low price of $3.98 plus a small mailing charge. Your only obligation is to accept as few as 4 records during the coming 12 months. You may cancel membership any time thereafter.

### OTHER DIVISIONS TO CHOOSE FROM

Members may also select records from any of the Club's other divisions: *Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies.* Records accepted from *any* division count toward *free* Bonus Records.

### FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY

The 3 records sent to you now represent an "advance" of the Club's bonus system—given to you at once. After fulfilling your obligation by purchasing four records, you will receive an additional *free* Bonus record of your choice for every two additional Club selections you accept. Bonus records are pressed *exclusively* for Club members in limited editions, and are not available elsewhere at any price.

To get these 3 jazz records *free*, mail the coupon at once! You must be delighted in every way, or you may cancel your membership without obligation by returning the free records within 10 days.

**COLUMBIA (Lp) RECORD CLUB**
165 West 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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Each month you will send me the Columbia (Lp) Record Club Magazine which describes the Club's selections in all four divisions. I may select records from any division and my only obligation is to accept a minimum of four records in the next twelve months at the regular list price, plus a small mailing charge. After accepting four records, I will receive a free Bonus record for every two additional selections I purchase. If not delighted with my membership, I may cancel within 10 days by returning all records.

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# Eye-Opening Facts for People Who Are Afraid of the Stock Market

## WHY SETTLE FOR LESS THAN 5½% RETURN ON YOUR SAVINGS?

AMAZING as it may seem, financial experts will tell you that unless the money you "put away" during the last ten years has earned *at least* 5½% compound interest—your savings may actually be *losing money* for you!

For example, if you had placed $1,000 in a savings bank in 1940 it would have grown through compound interest to about $1400 today. But you would have to add an extra $600 to the $1400 now to buy as much goods as you could have obtained with your original $1,000. *Inflation has robbed you of almost half your savings!*

If you had started a $1,000-a-year savings program 15 years ago, you'd have $18,600 now (at 5% compound interest). But if you had invested the same yearly amount in common stocks the value would have soared to $33,000 today, according to the stock market average. If the money had been invested in moderate "growth" stocks, you'd have more than $40,000. And other actual stocks bought on the same plan could have brought you a *bonanza of $110,000!*

What do you have to know to take advantage of remarkable opportunities like these? Are you "too late" to get in on the after-the-war investment boom? Is your savings allowance too small, or is buying stocks too complicated? How *safe* are the common stocks that bring 5½% to 7% return?

### Expert Advice for The "Little Fellow"

ALL of these questions and hundreds more are answered for you in a brand-new eye-opening book by Robert D. Merritt, Financial Editor of United Business Service, expert Investment Counselor, and Security Analyst. It is called FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE THROUGH COMMON STOCKS. It is a book about your own personal savings and how you can most wisely protect them and make them grow.

Whether you are a beginner or have already discovered the risks and opportunities of the stock market—whether you want to increase your income, build educational funds for your children, or plan a monthly income for retirement—Mr. Merritt gives you a sound and practical investment program to follow. You learn exactly what to do, what to look for and what to *look out* for in Buying Common Stocks, Bonds and Preferreds, Mutual Funds and Trusts. You get scores of examples to follow—including the new and successful Yale and Vassar Endowment fund formulas — *which assure you of maximum protection and maximum returns!*

Here, for the first time, is clear easy-to-understand expert advice in every stock market operation—from six basic steps to profits for small investors, to shopping for "Growth" Stocks that can bring 18%, 36%—or even larger returns. Here are just a few of the specific facts included in 21 information-packed chapters:

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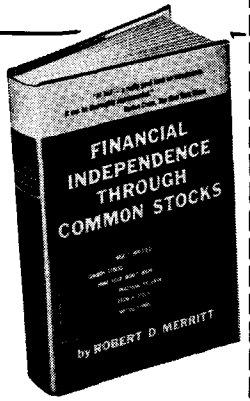


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